The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* February *will be noticed in the* March *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th March *in the* April *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

The Australian serial use of Ian Maclaren's story, "Kate Carnegie," now appearing in the *Woman at Home*, has been purchased by a syndicate of Australian newspapers.

Mr. A. T. Quiller Couch has gone to the south of France for the winter. He is at present engaged in writing a number of short stories, of which the first is entitled "Elisha."

Mr. Anthony Hope has fallen a victim to the American pirate. A volume of his, entitled "A Foolish Impulse," has been published. It consists of short stories raked out of English periodicals before the Act came into force. Three of them, which Mr. Hope wished to preserve, appear in his new book, "The Comedies of Courtship," for which we learn that the demand has been rapid.

The publication of Cardinal Manning's life has naturally raised quite a storm in religious circles. The book is gravely disapproved of by the Roman Catholic papers, and there is a talk of legal proceedings. The circulation, in spite of the great size of the work, has been very good, among the best of recent biographies. The biographer, Mr. Purcell, who is a barrister, and who was consulted in legal matters by the Cardinal, obtained the full confidence of his subject, who had a very high opinion of him.

We are glad to learn that the author of "Mark Rutherford" has completed a new story. The title will be "Clara Hopgood," and the book will be published in spring by Mr. Fisher Unwin.

Mr. Francis Hindes Groome's new novel "Kriegspiel, a War Game," will be published immediately by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Bowden, and is sure to attract attention. The motto is from Omar Khayyam:

> "But helpless pieces of the game He plays
> Upon this chequer-board of nights and days:
> Hither and thither moves, and mates, and stays,
> And one by one back in the cupboard lays."

Dr. E. A. Abbott has completed his elaborate work on the Gospels, written for the new Biblical Encyclopædia to be published by Messrs. A. and C. Black, and edited by Dr. Sutherland Black. It was originally intended to make this Encyclopædia one very large volume, but it is doubtful whether this will be possible. Dr. Abbott has devoted the most extraordinary labour to the preparation of this work, which will undoubtedly be recognised as a contribution to the subject of momentous interest and importance. It will probably appear in fuller form with notes as a separate book.

The instalment of Mr. Barrie's new story, "Sentimental Tommy," which appeared in *Scribner's* for January, was double the average length. In a very short time the reader will find that the scene of the story is wholly transferred to Thrums, where it remains to the end. The opening chapters, by the way, do not relate to the East End, as might naturally be thought. They depict a street near Waterloo Station.

It is significant of the estimate Messrs. Scribner have formed of "Sentimental Tommy" that they have commissioned Mr. Barrie's next story for their magazine at a largely increased price.

Mr. Alfred Austin has been formally appointed to the poet laureateship. His choice was first authoritatively announced in The Bookman for November. We understand that since Mr. Austin's appointment several thousand copies of his works have been sold, but, curiously enough, many more of the books in prose than of the books in verse.

Mr. Henry Norman has returned to England from his special mission to Washington. His journey has not hindered the preparation of his book on the Near East, which will be published in the spring by Mr. Fisher Unwin here and Messrs. Scribner in New York.

We understand that Mr. E. T. Cook remains editor of the *Westminster Gazette* until his actual removal to the *Daily News* office, which does not take place till February. Mr. P. W. Clayden, who has been so long and so honourably associated with the *Daily News*, and who is known in literature for his work on Samuel Rogers, has resigned his position. He will remain a contributor to the paper. Mr. Cook is succeeded in the editorship of the *Westminster* by his assistant, Mr. J. A. Spender, who, it may be mentioned, has contributed some interesting articles on journalism to The Bookman.

Mr. Shan F. Bullock is to publish a volume entitled "Irish Stories" early in the Spring, through Messrs. Ward, Lock and Bowden. The "Auld Licht Idylls" have served as a model for the book, Mr. Bullock, of course, dealing with Irish peasant life, of which he has already shown his knowledge. A connecting link of character interest is run through the book.

A new penny society paper is to appear in London in the Spring. The distinction of it is that it is to be written by peers for the people. A well-known lady in society

whose connection with journalism has been distinguished, is to give her help in the new paper.

Mr. Stephen Crane has caught the ear of the public at last with his novel, "The Red Badge of Courage," published by Mr. Heinemann. Although it is only now that Mr. Crane's name has become generally known, he has been working for three years, and has been warmly admired by competent judges. Rudyard Kipling, on his last visit to London, was loud in his praises. His book of verse, "The Black Riders," has real distinction, and is sure to make its way to the public heart. Mr. Crane's work has been done chiefly in America, where, strangely enough, he has failed to obtain recognition.

Mr. W. C. Scully, the author of "Kaffir Stories" in Mr. Fisher Unwin's Autonym Library, has written a new series of stories of Kaffir life. These have been purchased by Mr. Rider Haggard for serial use in the *African Review*. Mr. Scully is a resident magistrate in Transkei, Cape Colony. Strangely enough, he was associated in his magisterial duties with another writer upon South African subjects, Mr. Bertram Mitford, when the latter was at the Cape.

Mr. Rider Haggard has arranged to write a new novel for publication at an early date in the *Graphic*. Mr. Stanley J. Weyman has written a short story for publication in the forthcoming summer number of the *Graphic*.

Mr. Bret Harte has just completed a manuscript of a new story, to which he has given the title of "Two Americans." Mr. Bret Harte contemplates the publication of a new volume of poems at an early date. Messrs. Chatto and Windus will as usual publish the volume in this country, and Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co. in America.

Perhaps it is not generally known—certainly it cannot be known to the writer of an article in the January *Blackwood*, that Mr. Thomas Hardy endeavoured to withdraw his novel of "Jude the Obscure" from *Harper's Magazine*, actually requesting that firm of publishers to cancel the contract. But it was found to be impracticable to do this.

The *Weekly Dispatch* is now practically the property of Sir George Newnes. Important improvements are to be introduced at an early date. The paper is to be edited by Mr. Tibbits, a gentleman formerly connected with the well-known popular paper *Answers*.

A link which connected the present with Sir Walter Scott has just passed away in the person of Mr. John Usher, who died at Kelso on the 7th ult., at the advanced age of eighty-six. Mr Usher's father was the owner of a small property which adjoined Abbotsford, and was afterwards added to the larger estate, and the deceased gentleman, who was gifted with a sweet voice, loved to tell how, as a boy, he had had the honour of singing to the Wizard of the North. The song was Tannahill's "Braes of Gleniffer." Later in life he added to music the accomplishment of verse, and two of his songs, "The Pipe of Tobacco" and "The Channel Stane," have been deemed worthy of inclusion in the Canterbury volume of Scottish Minor Poets, a collection which covers two centuries.

There has been much talk in literary circles about the proposed address to American authors. One well-known literary man says that there should have been an address from the authors of Ashanti to the authors of England. It has also been cruelly and wickedly suggested that the address should have been headed "To the American author," and should have been sent round by a district messenger boy to Mr. Henry James.

Among the firms who have joined the Publishers' Association are representatives of the well-known houses of Messrs. Longmans, Murray, Macmillan, Bentley, Chambers, Arnold, Bagster, Blackett, Kegan Paul, Bliss, Sands and Foster, Ward, Lock and Bowden, Isbister, Churchill, Chapman and Hall, Sonnenschein, Wells Gardner, Bell, Dent, White, Gill, Heinemann, Hodder and Stoughton, Hutchinson, Innes, A. Constable and Co., Lane, Lawrence and Bullen, Lockwood, Digby Long and Co., Osgood, Blackwood, Sampson Low, Henry, Simpkin Marshall, Routledge, Skeffington, Smith, Elder and Co., Chatto and Windus, Elliot Stock, Unwin, Virtue, Warne, and Whittaker. It will be admitted that this is a very powerful association.

Zola's "Rome" will be published in book form by Messrs. Chatto and Windus in the first week of May. It will make a large octavo volume of about 510 pages. Mr. Vizetelly, the translator, thinks that "Rome" must create a far greater interest here than any other work of Zola's. A high price is being paid for the American rights of the story.

The following information, which we take from a contemporary, may be relied upon as accurate:—

"In the catalogue of books sent forth by Chatto and Windus last autumn Robert Barr's new book, "A Woman Intervenes," was announced as a three-volume edition at fifteen shillings. A later catalogue issued by the same firm says the book is to be ready shortly, published in one volume at six shillings. No explanation of the change is given, but thereby hangs a tale. It seems that Robert Barr, like Hall Caine, is a believer in the six-shilling volume, while Mr. Chatto still pins his faith to the three-volume edition, which so many publishers, at the behest of the libraries, have abandoned. The author wrote to the publisher protesting against the three-volume form, and the publisher, with that deference to an author's opinion which has probably done much to secure him the goodwill of those who deal with him, suggested a meeting with the author, and proposed that they should talk the matter amicably over.

"The conference is said to have taken place at a club where the arguments of each were marshalled before the other, Mr. Barr energetically protesting that the six-shilling novel was the volume of the future, while Mr. Chatto maintained that the three-volume novel in no way interfered with the success of a cheaper edition later on. The contestants separated without coming to an agreement, and then a curious thing happened. Although neither admitted it at the end of the debate, Mr. Chatto was convinced that in this instance, at least, the six-shilling book was preferable to the fifteen shilling three-volume edition, while Mr. Barr was convinced that the publisher was right in his contention for a three-volume edition. Each man had converted the other. When Mr. Barr reached home he wrote to the publisher saying that he agreed to the three-volume edition, and this letter crossed another from the publisher intimating that he had given orders for the book to come out in one volume."

The book on Scandinavian Folk-lore by Mr. W. A. Craigie, announced by Mr. Gardner of Paisley some time ago, is now pretty well advanced. It will contain a great deal of new matter from Danish sources, permission to use which has been obtained from the collector, Herr E. T. Kristensen.

Mr. Patrick O'Brien, Dublin, intends to publish three middle Irish tales of the Fiann, of which an account was recently given in the *Scottish Review*.

Messrs. Ward and Downey will publish very shortly Mr. Tighe Hopkins' novel, "Nell Haffenden." The work is founded on an old story of Mr. Hopkins' written many years ago, and is said by those who have seen it to be remarkable for its brightness.

Mr. Blackwood, the publisher, is in Egypt, and has been enjoying donkey-rides with Dr. Conan Doyle.

Lady Henry Somerset has just published a series of stories, entitled "Sketches in Black and White." They deal with poverty and the typical sins of the people. Mr. Fisher Unwin is the publisher.

A photogravure of Mary Queen of Scots is to be prefixed to Mrs. Oliphant's new book, "A Child's History of Scotland," a book which, the author tells us, has been written in mind of the traditions supplied by the "Tales of a Grandfather."

The Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair, Canada, has published for the first time in a collected form the Gaelic poems of the Bard Keppoch, who led Montrose to the battle of Inverlochy. The series are said to have considerable historic interest.

It is becoming common to dramatise popular stories. Mr. Richard Mansfield has now in active rehearsal the dramatised version of Mr. Stanley Weyman's "Under the Red Robe." The company which has been playing the drama "Robbery under Arms" in the provinces has been remarkably successful, and in many cases a return visit has been arranged.

Mr. Henley's Centenary Burns is to be published in America by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co., of Boston.

Perhaps the most reliable details of Jameson's fight have been given by Captain Thatcher, who fought with him, and escaped by representing that he was a newspaper correspondent. As a matter of fact, Captain Thatcher is something of a literary man, having not many months since collaborated with Mr. W. H. Wilkins in a three-volume novel, "The Holy Estate," dealing with the subject of marriage. It was published by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co., who have in the press a third and cheaper edition.

MISS HARRADEN'S CALIFORNIAN HOME.

Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier, of Edinburgh, announce a "Famous Scots' Series." It will to some extent correspond to the "English Men of Letters Series," but will be more comprehensive in scope, since besides men of letters it is to include men of science and divines. Professor Saintsbury will write on Sir Walter Scott, Gabriel Setoun on Burns, and Sir George Douglas on the Blackwood Group, comprising Wilson, Hogg, Galt, Miss Ferrier, "Delta," and the authors of "Tom Cringle's Log" and "Cyril Thornton."

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MISS BEATRICE HARRADEN.

Among the more interesting of recent Brontë discoveries is a series of letters written by Charlotte to her sister Emily. Good progress is being made with the arrangement and printing of the new materials.

The first number of *Cosmopolis* consisted of an edition of 24,000 copies, which has been entirely exhausted. Mr. Fisher Unwin has gone to press with the first edition of the February number of 18,000 copies. Stevenson's novel is, of course, continued. The title of Gyp's story is "Of an Old School," and the German one by Peter Rosegger is called "Remi the Brigand." There is an article of special interest to English readers on the late James Darmesteter and his studies of English literature, written by his English wife, the poetess Mary Robinson. The success of the new venture has simply gone altogether beyond the expectations of its editor, proprietor, and publishers not only in England, but on the Continent. The French, German, and Dutch editions are all sold out, and the reception from the press and public has been most cordial.

A new illustrated paper is to be commenced under the title of *The Bee*. Its distinction, if we are correctly informed, is that it will be specially suited for family reading.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus will shortly publish "A Crown of Straw," a new novel from the pen of Mr. Allen

Upward. It is at present running through the columns of the *Weekly Dispatch.*

La Revue de Paris prints, for the first time, a statement by George Sand on her views of novel-writing and her views of life in general. It was written when she was seventy-one years old, and was meant as a preface to a new edition of her works; but the project of the new edition was given up. Though she was looking forward to death at the time, it expresses only the most cheerful sentiments, for there was a stubbornness about her optimism as about her idealism. Concerning this last she has a good deal to say, of which the substance is this. She has been charged with idealising her personages. Well, she meant them to be as they are. And—which is not the same thing—she saw them so, and often met people like them in the world. But if she had only met one such noble personage, that same would have been real, and she would be within her rights in depicting him. She is aware the present temper of the world is hard; she has done her level best to soften the feelings of her contemporaries, and altogether failed. But she means to go on her old way—at seventy-one!—and, if she can persuade a single soul of the reality of ideal virtue, will say her time has not been lost. And all will come right. As for the world going to the dogs, or dying of feebleness—not a bit of it. The groaner only echoes his own miserable condition; new force is springing up on every side of him. This sturdy optimism can be tolerated when the experience of seventy-one stormy years lies behind the speaker's words.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

DECEMBER 23rd, 1895, TO JANUARY 18th, 1896.

Compared with the corresponding period of former years, there is a decided improvement in business. The quiet season immediately following Christmas has not been so marked in its contrast with the busy time. Even during the Christmas week there was plenty of work to be done. All this is equally true of the foreign and colonial business.

School books now begin to form an important feature in orders. The text-books and manuals used for the University local and other examinations are being disposed of in large quantities.

With New Year's Day came the rush (that is the only suitable word) for diaries, calendars, and almanacs, telegrams and urgent letters arriving at all times.

The Venezuelan dispute has caused enquiry to be made for pretty well everything that has been issued bearing on the subject, not excepting a work by Schomburgk himself, published by Simpkin and Marshall some sixty years since.

The appointment of the Poet Laureate has naturally directed attention to his writings, and his "English Lyrics" and "In Veronica's Garden" appear to be the favourites.

The biographies of some of the missionaries who were massacred in China last summer have been much appreciated, and edition after edition has been called for in a very short space of time.

Year-books of the various dioceses are now being published, and their sale points to considerable interest in Church matters. No doubt the local sales are even far greater than the demand in London.

A 3s. 6d. edition of "John Halifax" has been well taken up. Publishers are wise in bringing out the cheaper issue of a popular work without waiting for the copyright to expire.

Among magazines the *Woman at Home* still holds its own, outdistancing all its rivals. The principal feature in the monthly periodicals is beauty of illustration, and yet *Chambers' Journal* and other old-established publications, without illustrations, appear to find as many readers as ever.

The sale of "Trilby" is still good, although of necessity on more moderate lines. It would be interesting to learn the weight in tons of the total issue of this book. It would probably be expressed in three figures.

Young authors may still be reminded that there is in their profession, as in all others, plenty of room at the top. The success of "Mistress Dorothy Marvin" and "The Red Badge of Courage" may be quoted as examples.

The following list of the principal books shows a considerable variety in the public taste, but beyond that remark does not call for any comment.

Trilby. By Geo. Du Maurier. 6s.
The Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. 6s.
An Amazing Marriage. By G. Meredith. 2 vols. 12s.
Phyllis of Philistia. By F. F. Moore. 6s.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.
The Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.
The One Who Looked On. By F. F. Montresor. 3s. 6d.
Red Court Farm. By Mrs. Henry Wood. 2s.
The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 3s. 6d.
Sweetheart Travellers. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
Twelve Hundred Miles in a Waggon. By Alice Balfour. 16s.
Homes and Haunts of Carlyle. 2s. 6d.
Twenty Years in Khama's Country. By J. D. Hepburn. 6s.
The Teaching of Jesus. By R. F. Horton. 3s. 6d.
Absolute Surrender. By A. Murray. 2s.
The Creed of the Christian. By C. Gore. 1s. 6d.
Stewart (R. and L.) In Life and Death. 3s. 6d.
For His Sake: Elsie Marshall. 2s.
In Veronica's Garden. By Alfred Austin. 9s.
English Lyrics. By Alfred Austin. 3s. 6d.
Mistress Dorothy Marvin. By J. C. Snaith. 6s.
The Red Badge of Courage. By Stephen Crane. 2s. 6d. and 3s. net.

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Dec. 28, 1895.—A fair volume of business was done in all departments, notwithstanding the holidays.
Jan. 4, 1896.—Business steady and satisfactory. Colonial and foreign trade ditto.
„ 11, „ —A somewhat quieter week than the last. In the foreign and colonial branches there was some improvement.
„ 18, „ —Trade brisker, and a decided improvement on the corresponding week last year. Foreign and colonial business about the same.

POETRY.

AT THIRTY-FIVE.

Now in the centre of life's arch I stand,
And view its curve, declining from this day.
How brief the road from birth's mysterious strand!
How blank the passage till it close in grey!
Yet by this bridge went all the immortal band,
And the world's Saviour did not reach half way.

H. W. NEVINSON.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

I SHOULD consider the death of Paul Verlaine his happy release, did I not know that, squalid and miserable as was his life to the end, he enjoyed it keenly. He enjoyed, with touching eagerness, every little pleasure that came to him. There was no happier man in Paris than poor Verlaine, when, towards midnight, seated with a few admirers in the Café François Premier, on the Boulevard St. Michel, he had a few sous for absinthe in his tattered fob, a little caporal tobacco for cigarettes in his pouch. A compliment would light up his ravaged face with childish glee. He was not a brilliant nor even an entertaining talker; indeed, he talked but little at any time. He would sit and listen and nod his head. If anything was said by anybody with which he fully agreed, he would pucker up his face, thrust out his finger in the direction of the speaker, and say, "Oui, c'est ça." He often even did not listen, having the gift of absolute abstraction. I remember that some years ago he spent two hours at the Café François Premier with a very famous foreign poet, who was a great and brilliant talker. I afterwards asked Verlaine what they had been discussing. "I don't know what he was talking about," he said. "I do know that he smoked the whole time, and, though I was without tobacco, he never offered me a plug." He was a great child, a thing which must be remembered of him ere we blame his monstrous follies. On the last occasion on which I saw him—in a miserable room in the rue des Fossés St. Jacques, he was quite childishly piqued at what Max Nordau wrote about him, and especially at the comments on his personal appearance. I told him that Max Nordau's personalities and a fillip of the fingers were of about equal value, or would be held so in the immediate future, and that it is only little men who are vexed by "les petits écrits," but he was not to be soothed, and kept repeating, "Voyons, est-ce vrai?" The position he held in France was an extraordinary one. It shows the utter difference between the French national character and our own. As a poet of consummate excellence, he was held in the highest respect. I am sure that the French are as proud of Paul Verlaine as we are of Alfred Tennyson. I have seen a French Minister hunt after him at a crowded literary gathering, and heard H. E. address him as "dear Master." Yet his life was notoriously infamous, and the man had served a sentence in a Belgian prison. The French, however, do not make the poet responsible for the man, and I, for one, admire them for this also. His society was certainly not sought after, because to most it was painful to see his incurable suffering, his irremediable misery. And in his last years the crapulence of his taste had become so confirmed, that one preferred to avoid him. His intimate companion during the last period of his life was a weird individual, well known in the Latin quarter by the name of Bibi-la-Purée, who has more than once been in prison. An old harridan used to visit him, "to steal my money," as he complained. His follies found him out; terrible retribution came upon him; his life was one progress of suffering and privation. He has starved and starved; he would have starved altogether but for the loyalty of a few of his friends. Count Robert de Montesquiou-Fezensac was very good to him, and so was François Coppée. As to the latter, it seems one of Fate's ironies that Paul Verlaine babbled a' François Coppée at the last, and died with on his lips the name of the poet whom as a poet he had all through life denied. He deliberately ravaged and wasted his life with a perversity which is difficult to understand in a man who had real capacities for the enjoyment of life, but for which the psychological reason is not far to seek: a kind of Masochism.

I have sometimes wondered whether it may not have been by reason of his early disappointment in love that he went wrong and galloped headlong down the hill. Many years ago Paul Verlaine was engaged to be married to a very beautiful girl, a gifted girl of exquisite taste. One night he came to her parents' house in a state of absolute intoxication. It was the first time that he had ever been in such a state, but the girl was horrified, and the match was then and there broken off. That lady is now the wife of one of the most prominent authors in France. I was dining at her house not very long ago, and as I sat in her beautiful and luxurious home, and watched her with her children and grandchildren around her, her drawing-room filled with European celebrities crowding round her world-famous husband, I could not help thinking of Paul Verlaine in his squalid garret pledging in cheap absinthe his boon companion, Hard-up-Jack, whilst the familiar harridan peered and prowled, until the time should come when, both men being stupefied with drink, she might go over Verlaine's pockets.

In these days when so much attention is paid to the earnings of literary men, it may be interesting to note that the most Verlaine ever received in France for a poem was five francs.

Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, whose conduct during the Anglo-American crisis has attracted so much commendation on this side of the water—commendation all the more merited because the chief support of the New York *World* is the Irish Catholic interest—is the most successful journalist in the world. His income from the *World* and other journals exceeds one million dollars per annum. He spends much of his time in Paris, where he has a mansion. I was connected with him for some years, and though I admit I do not at all approve of all the methods which he has introduced into American journalism, I could not help admiring his Herculean energy, even under the most energy-sapping conditions. I knew him when he was almost blind, an affliction brought on by over-work in New York, where during the early years of his editorship of the *World* he used to work never less than twenty hours a day. In spite of his infirmity he was as keen and energetic as ever. It was difficult to keep pace with him when he was pouring out instructions or suggestions. He is very proud of the power he wields, and he once told me that he would rather his son became editor of the New York *World* than President of the United States. He relates with much gusto how the emigrant lad (himself), who tramped through Paris on his way to Havre, and stood shivering outside the Tuileries Palace, where an imperial fête was in progress, has now bought to adorn his wife the most beautiful of the Crown jewels of France.

I see that an English edition of Nietzsche's works is in progress of publication in London. It should be well received by students of philosophy. I think it nonsense to write, as I saw it written the other day in some French review, that Nietzsche's doctrine "systematises all the worst instincts of human nature." The same writer added, "The

credit which this doctrine enjoys amongst the young generation seems to me singularly dangerous and menacing." The is exaggerated alarm. The student of philosophy is *de facto* a hard-headed man, who is unlikely to allow himself to be influenced one way or the other by the teachings of any one of the philosophers whom he reads. The weak youth does not read the philosophers. Nietzsche, I am sorry to hear, is in an alarming condition. He has been recently removed from the asylum where he was under treatment, and is now living with his mother and sister as Naumburg, whither many of his faithful disciples have followed him. Naumburg is the Weimar or the Bayreuth of the Nietzcheans. Their unfortunate chief is now a complete victim to the paralysis which struck him seven years ago. He cannot walk, he cannot speak, he has even forgotten his own name.

Nietzsche's real name is Nietzki. He is of Polish extraction, and has always professed himself indignant at being taken for a German. I wonder if he is any relation of the Doctor Nietzki of Heidelberg, who has recently published a book on Heine, which is being greatly talked about in France as well as in Germany. Nietzki describes Heine as "frivolous, common, trivial, and dirty." He agrees with Friedrich Hebbel that Heine's work is a "monument of impotence and falsehood." Hebbel, by the way, was only twenty-five years of age when he made this astonishing statement, and to the young much may be forgiven. Dr. Nietzki has "never experienced any æsthetic pleasure" in reading Heine. One experiences little pleasure in reading Dr. Nietzki's *critique*, but as an antidote to the gush one hears about Heine, who, as a *poet*, after all, fills but a small place, it may serve its purpose.

Another book by a foreigner, which is being a good deal talked about at present in Paris, is Antonio Fogazzaro's last novel "Piccolo Mondo Antico," published by Galli, of Milan. It is a very pretty love story of the good, old-fashioned kind. Fogazzaro interests one because he is one of the few modern writers who really do attempt their best. He lives in the country, and spends years over one book. His "Piccolo Mondo Antico" would translate excellently.

An interesting letter written in last July by Alexander Dumas to a lady has been published since his death. In this letter he confirms his opinion, enunciated in such brochures as "Femmes qui Tuent," "Femmes qui Volent," and "Recherche de la Paternité," that women should enjoy absolutely the same privileges as men. It is an emphatic letter which may be commended to the attention of the New Woman, who will be pleased to read that the author of "La Dame aux Camélias" considers that even physically woman is superior to man.

Mr. Francis Gribble is living at Vevey in Switzerland, where he is working at a novel dealing with the Stock Exchange. His new novel, which examines the question, Which woman is happiest? and is entitled "The Things that Matter," will be published in England, America, and the colonies simultaneously on the fifteenth of this month. Francis Gribble is going ahead.

The young poets of France have decided to abandon rhyme in the main. The *vers libre* is to be the vehicle in the future. It is so much easier to run.

ROBERT H. SHERARD.

NEW WRITERS.

MR. W. PETT RIDGE.

MR. PETT RIDGE arrived near to thirty years ere he began to look upon journalism as a possible source of income. Prior to that, after coming up from Paddock Wood, in Kent, he, in the time spared from City life, roamed about London, and tried to learn its secrets, whether in Soho, or Limehouse, or Battersea. Also he chased and captured Mr. Andrew Lang's "Lost Leaders" in the files of the *Daily News*, in order that they might be tried in book form. Five years ago he wrote his first sketch, called "Club Life in the East," and sent it to the editor of the *St. James's Gazette*. It was accepted, and many others followed; and when, later, Mr. Pett Ridge wrote his first short story, he sent it diffidently under a pen name also to the *St. James's*. To Mr. Sidney Low must be ascribed the credit of recognising thus promptly the qualities of Mr. Pett Ridge's work, and of opening hospitably to the stranger the door of journalism. Since passing in at the doorway Mr. Pett Ridge has written over two hundred and fifty short stories, and more sketches and dialogues than one would care to count on a summer's day.

The dialogues which have brought his name out from the demure shade of anonymity were commenced in the *Pall Mall Budget*. When that journal ceased to breathe, *Black and White* and *To-Day* and several other publications found room for them. It is pleasant to record that they have had no more kindly critic than the writer whom Mr. Pett Ridge calls the Head Master of the Dialogue School—namely, Mr. Anstey.

His book record in 1894 was "Eighteen of Them," a collection of short stories published under a pen name (since discarded). In 1895 three books were issued bearing his name on the title-page. The first, a small volume published by the *St. James's Gazette*, called "Telling Stories"; the second a collection of the dialogues referred to, and published by Mr. Arrowsmith under the title of "Minor Dialogues"; the third, his first novel, and a very able one, "A Clever Wife," quite recently published by Bentley's For the present year there is "The Second Opportunity of Mr. Staplehurst," from Hutchinson and Co., and further work is in hand.

Mr. Pett Ridge is a busy man, and tries to do about five thousand words a week, but, in spite of his success, he is too modest to acknowledge any other conspicuous virtue as a writer. Indeed his diffidence in regard to the future is such that he is disinclined to relinquish the quiet City berth which supported him before journalism offered an arm.

THE READER.

LIVING CRITICS.

V.—Mr. ANDREW LANG.

MR. LANG'S more elaborate critical writing has been in other fields than literature, and any appreciation of him here must therefore be incomplete. He is a brilliant writer on many of the interests of life. Literature is to himself one of the chiefest

of these; but it is no fetish. Neither is it, of course, to Mr. Watts, to Mr. Leslie Stephen, to any of the others whose work has been summarised in these articles; but Mr. Lang has the air of taking for granted more than do they that books have a great many rivals in the affections and attention of even the very folk whose ear he has for the moment. He does not seek to convince his audience of sin, but rather, and quite sympathetically, varies his conversation, assuring them that he, too, is of their mind about golf, or fishing, or any other hobby, having just as unassailable, if a less dignified, right to consideration as Aristotle or the Muses. You do not often catch him sitting at a library table, painfully searching and weighing. His work is all done when he comes to you, and he refers to it pleasantly, humorously, sometimes consenting to argue for a minute or two, but more often giving you only the essence of his labour, or narrating the irrelevant incidents or accidents which gave a savour to it. He has brought an atmosphere of books and intellectual things to a large number of persons who would not willingly, and could not profitably, read a serious exposition of this or that writer's merits or defects, much less read the writer at first hand. I don't think he believes much in any general hunger for intellectual food, or takes the present cry for culture very seriously. He knows the world has ten thousand other things to attend to, and maybe thinks the world is very wise. It is his part to entertain—because he can—and as to speak of what you like very well is a good way of entertaining, and he has been a book-lover all his days, he speaks of books, among other things. I am very far from suggesting that it is his special rôle to tickle the mental fancy of those who don't read for themselves. But he has reached them, giving them a kind of teasing stimulus to interest, and no dangerous ready-made phrases for counters with which to play at serious games.

The intellectual influence of Mr. Lang on students, book-lovers, writers at an impressionable stage, has not been slight. His continual practice, for instance, of showing how the interests of life react on each other, illustrate each other, is a lesson in proportion, a stimulus to the intelligence, an admirable corrective to pedantry. A thing is not isolated to him, but grouped. To all literary cant and affectations he is a foe; time after time his wit has exploded a false solemnity. And if, as a rule—I think of notable exceptions—he has treated his subject in its lighter aspect, maybe he has done so because of a double respect, first for the rights of his audience—of which entertainment he judges to be one—and second for literature itself, which is better served by the individual devotion, the serious practice of its adherents, than by solemn talk to outsiders about its sacred functions or its mechanical methods.

Slight or weighty, according to theme or place, Mr. Lang's writing always exhibits character. With more interests and more various learning than most literary critics, he is nevertheless not a writer of many moods; is much less inconsistent than others of stolider mien. His touch is light, his glance airy, but he is not volatile; very calculable, on the contrary. If the critic be the judge who weighs works of art without regard to his own partialities, considers how they fulfil their aims, whether he likes these or not, and ranks them fittingly among such other works as have cognate aims, who among us to-day is a critic? Not Mr. Lang. A few have the air of wanting to be such, an air bequeathed from an age when there were fewer things to judge, and not so many conflicting schools and tendencies to choose amongst. He is not among them. But he has the qualifications of fine scholarship, a long love of books, and a long habit of using them, without which no fine handling of literature is possible. The critic need not be born, perhaps: he can be made. But the making has to be begun as early as if he were going to be a fiddler. He has, too, as I have said, the many interpretative aids given him by the varied interests and hobbies he has toiled at and pleasured at for years. In a sense he is academic; but an academic enlightened by so much common-sense, and modified by so marked a temperament, must break the fences of Academe sometimes. So he does, though not to herd with barbarians. Stubborn, sturdy, refusing conventions as conventions, he is often at one with the general sense of the world that has made them. Fastidious, he is never finnicking, and of all the critics of the day with a fine artistic palate he is least of a pedant about style. An experimentalist in many forms and measures, with a sharp ear for literary delights or offences, the literary dandy is yet an obnoxious person to him. Style is a good thing, he says. Learn it if you can. Cultivate it, if it be a gift of the gods to you. But the cultivation is a task, a thing of the workshop. Get it, but decently, and don't parade it, any more than you would the apparatus of the toilet. Indeed, Mr. Lang is an excellent supplement in this matter—I will not say corrective—to Mr. Stevenson, the recognised tutor of young aspirants to letters these last ten years or so. For one says, Experiment, weigh, blot, refine, and the other, Yes, yes, and then forget all about it, and on with your story. Mr. Lang is a perfect master of the manner which suits him best, and very straightforward, lucid, and swift it is; and if he has founded no school, he has had incalculable influence in forming a lighter, brighter, simpler style of literary journalism.

A lover of the literature of the past, circumstances, or the desire and capacity of entertaining, have set him talking often on the passing things of the day. There he is no grave, austere balancer. He will do a good turn to a friend, and, of course, no really serious critics would do anything of the sort—which stamps them at once as miserable creatures. Sometimes he has trounced a performance which would have been more fitly punished by neglect. And his sympathies do not go out in so many directions that you can be sure of a favourable, or even a fair, reception to the writer who is the inspired prophet of the year. But he knows what he likes and dislikes; and does both heartily, and without remorse. There is nothing amorphous about Mr. Lang. Not only has he prejudices, but he knows it quite well, and is proud of it. (A pride in prejudices is commoner, by the bye, than pride in pedigree, but it is very similar; both are claims to interesting ancestry; the unprejudiced mind being, of course, a lonely, kinless, *parvenu* kind of thing) He confesses his limitations frankly, talks freely of his sympathies and his Dr. Fells; but he is pretty sure to forestall the reasoned reproach you have been so carefully preparing with, "There is criticism!" or, "This is not exactly a literary judgment; it is a pardonable antipathy." Very soon you know when it is best to listen

gravely to his lucidly stated objections, or to laugh at his fun, and go forthwith and form your own judgment on the thing in question, in accordance with your own enlightenment or your own temperamental prejudices. You are warned he does not care for the drama, cannot away with problem novels, that he does not like aggressive and rebellious kinds of opinions, that both his sense of humour and his sense of propriety are easily provoked, that he is fastidious, with a keen nose for humbug, that he has the failing—which binds him to many of his fellows—of running away from the too much-belauded book, and shooting round the corner any bolt that comes handy at its tactless apostles. So if you go to him for a judgment on this prophet or that, or on any new-fangled utopia, you have yourself to blame if you are offended. But your enthusiasm is not very reasonable if you do not own that the cold light of Mr. Lang's antipathies gives timely warning of some danger spots in your new path.

Lately we seem to have been taking sides as to whether imaginative literature should be a tonic or an opiate. This is not a very fair way of putting the question, for Mr. Lang and all his adherents would say at once, Neither, but if either, a tonic. So say the opponents, too; but one means the representation of a world where resolution is not sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought—a place of sudden, unthinking, doughty deeds; the other of a world where our own sad possibilities of weakness are always kept well in sight. One says, Forget the feeble present, and learn what was done of yore and elsewhere, and go back fresh to your labours; the other, Face the worst, and don't weaken your fibres by pretending things are better than they are. The second demands more actual heroism; but it has unhappy consequences on the weak, the tired, the sensitive. The other is better for the young and the worn-out. The adventure fiction of the day is in great part a deliberate following of a prescription. When we want real living romances of this order, we turn, not very often to the modern sagas, built up for our good, but to Dumas, Scott, Fielding, Le Sage, and Cervantes, who were not encouraged by Societies for the Propagation of Wholesome Tastes. Still sagalings pass the time; they are as good as a game; and they have this enormous advantage over their gloomy neighbours, that a very ordinary specimen is tolerable, while all but the masterpieces of the literature of gloom and of introspection are insufferable. Mr. Lang, in giving a kindly welcome to the adventure fiction of the day, even to books that are not masterpieces, has said hard things of others that perhaps are such, but which sing to a tune that vexes him. Nevertheless, he is sturdily convinced that his preference is but a restatement of the eternal doom of those who confess in Hell,

> "Tristi fummo,
> Nell' aer dolce che dal sol s'allegra,
> Portando dentro accidioso fummo."

He is a reticent writer, in spite of his confidences. Say at once, he is a Scot. He never denies, and sometimes one sees him glancing into, the black deeps of human fate. Man the warring pilgrim, struggling with destiny, he holds legitimate matter for poetry. For again he is a Scot, a kind of religious Scot, fed on Greek literature. But he does not see much good in exposing every individual misery; and very likely thinks the pessimistic writing of the day not philosophical or courageous at all, but only a new kind of whining. And he prefers whistling. Many of us would gladly gather fuel for his bonfire who swear by the worth of a book or two he will not look at with toleration.

Perhaps Mr. Lang regards imaginative literature too much as a rest for tired men, a bath to purge them from the world's cares. And maybe his likings are less comprehensive than those of some who share his view. Having regularly graduated in the emotions of each epoch of life thus far, he has put away childish things a little too much to be sympathetically understanding of the artist who is all ages at once.* His "elderly novelist" who writes "about the heart of youth with little more enthusiasm than the tarts and toffies of his boyhood," is a very natural kind of man, but not a good novelist; and his contention that "character and incident are the material" of the masters of fiction, "not character as dominated by the passion of love," is the kind of point worth making only if you have a good memory for the many exceptions. But sanity, lucidity, artistic decorousness, qualities that his soul has kindred with, are but ill-served by the passionate, the rebellious, and the gloomy writers. Literature as "the expression of souls in revolt" does not please him. He would rather be old-fashioned decently, than enlightened with rude violence.

If Mr. Lang has stated very frankly his dislike of much of the writing of to-day, it should be remembered how hospitable he has been, within the limits of his preferences; how he has welcomed on board his "Ship" the picturesque, the gay, the simple, the sentimental in verse; the lusty and the wholesome in prose, however crudely expressed; and how hot and constant are his enthusiasms. He is sometimes held to be supercilious. But if, with the great songs and tales of long ago in his ears, he listens sometimes languidly to the hummings of to-day, his contempt is only the other side of a romantic loyalty to the personalities and the utterances of the great ones that sit above the doubts, the tumults, and rebellions. "For we critics," he has said, "are only the sandwich-men of literature, and our only professional pleasure is to carry sandwich-boards for the truly great."

So long as Mr. Lang cares to talk about books he will be listened to for his ready learning, his fun, his grace, his agility; for his unsurpassed power of making a point. You get from him no long bouts of exposition, but many plain hints that you had much better go to the fountain-head, and some stimulating doubts that you will not go, all the same, with now and again glimpses of beauty and greatness—not set amid a holy Sabbath calm, but, as in life, cheek by jowl with the common things of Saturday and Monday. His influence has not been so much to correct the ideas of the student in the library, as to speak of books as a man of the world to men of the world, to wield a rod for the prig and the vulgarian, to discourage the bore, to justify long authority mellowed into beauty, and to keep himself and others from abject servility to fashion and great names.

ANNIE MACDONELL.

* The critic had not read Mr. Lang's own romance, "A Monk of Fife," when this was written.

LOCKHART AND "JANE EYRE."

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

SIR,—In THE BOOKMAN for January (p. 111) I am mentioned as holding the belief that Mr. Lockhart wrote part of Miss Rigby's *Quarterly* review of "Jane Eyre." On first reading that review, some years ago, I thought that I detected two hands. But I cannot be certain that I then knew who was the editor of the *Quarterly*, in 1847. I thought I saw an editorial hand in the remark, on Jane Eyre's spirit of revolt, "the same which fosters Chartism and rebellion at home." But, now we know what kind of Tory Miss Rigby was—a Tory who had even a sympathy with James II.—the remark seems to me to be her own. It is plain that she added to her review the talk about Mayfair gossip, which Mr. Lockhart mentions in his letter to her ("Lady Eastlake," i. 222). As to the review, "Jane Eyre" is conceived (like "Villette," as Mr. Arnold said) in the spirit of revolt. The argument of the critic is that the author is a man, or, if a woman, one who has "forfeited the society of her sex." For she knows nothing about "feminine furniture," and she makes a man talk about his venal amours to a girl of eighteen. Therefore, if a woman, she is a bad sort of woman. It is absurd to excite ourselves as if the reviewer had known, or could guess, that the author of "Jane Eyre" was the immaculate daughter of a country clergyman. In 1847, nobody could have made any such conjecture, least of all Miss Rigby. With a touching lack of logic, she devotes a great part of her article to claiming, for governesses, exactly that Christian fairness of treatment by their employers, which is at the bottom of the demands of Chartists and other enemies of hers. For this, among other reasons, I thought I saw two hands in the review, but then I did not know that the reviewer was a woman.—Faithfully yours,

ANDREW LANG.

NEGLECTED BOOKS.

V.—"THE GAY SCIENCE." BY E. S. DALLAS.

BY JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

"I LIKE to wonder." The words were spoken by the salient character in a farcical comedy remembered only by middle-aged people, but the sentiment is immortal, for there are times when we all feel with Lord Dundreary the delights of wonderment. Perhaps the most enjoyable kind of wondering is that which is inexhaustible, which always ends where it began, and which has to be begun again at the old familiar spot; and such has been my wondering at the success with which oblivion has scattered her poppies over "The Gay Science." Every now and then I encounter a contemporary haunter of the by-ways of letters whose eye brightens and whose tongue is loosed when the book is named; but so far as the great mass of cultivated readers is concerned, it might never have been written. Just thirty years ago, in 1866, it saw the light, and for nearly thirty years the darkness has covered it—a most wonderful and indeed incomprehensible eclipse for a work no page of which is wanting in the interest of a fine stimulation, and which contains certain chapters that fairly entitle its writer to the honours merited by a psychological pioneer.

A book's immediate success or failure is often dependent upon factors which seem largely accidental, but a title can hardly be called an accident, and I have sometimes thought that Mr. Dallas's title may have been regarded as unpromisingly fantastic by the more thoughtful class to which the book appealed. There are serious people who profess to be fond of plays of fancy—as they are fond of children—"in their proper place"; and such an apparently whimsical combination of words as "the gay science" may have seemed improperly placed on the forefront of a work which professed to deal with so very, very serious a subject as criticism. To hint that criticism was a science at all roused a suspicion of unsoundness, but to call it a "gay" science was worse than unsound, it was flippant—an offence against that eternal fitness of things dear to the Philosopher Squares of every generation.

And yet, if the object of a title be to indicate the nature of what lies behind it, I do not know that Dallas could well have made a better choice. The writer set himself to discover the first principles of criticism—that is, the deliberate judgment of a work of Art; and it seemed to him that the first step must needs be towards a discovery of the universal aim and purpose of Art, as it is impossible profitably to appraise means apart from some end to which they are directed. There have, of course, been many attemps to define that something in Art which constitutes its unity, and which differentiates it from all that is not Art. In ancient Greece this something was held to consist in a common method—the method of imitation; in modern Germany it had been found in a common theme—the beautiful or the true; but both these definitions had broken down somewhere, and Mr. Dallas had been driven to a conclusion which, though not novel, had generally been propounded with some measure of diffident hesitation, that the unity of Art was a unity not of method or of theme, but of purpose—the one dominating purpose of pleasure. It was not unnatural therefore that he should recall the name given by the Provençal troubadours to their own beautiful art of song—"the gay science"—in which they emphasised the element of delight in it, even to the implicit exclusion of all other elements; or that he should fail to find an apter title for the study of that criticism which is the discovery of those artistic means which have pleasure for their end.

This is not the place for a defence of Dallas's theory, or even for an exposition of it, but in any discourse of what one regards as an undeservedly neglected book one is bound to give some indication of its substance and purport; and my only regret is that in crowding into sentences the significance of pages I must needs do injustice, by investing with an air of scholastic dryness a book which has not less of entertainment in its bright, lucid, charmingly allusive manner, than of suggestion and instruction in its careful, patient thought. It is not, however, Dallas's maintenance of this preliminary position, but rather a series of chapters which immediately follow it, that makes the book memorable to the few who studied it in the sixties with a refreshing sense of intellectural clarifying and enlargement. After pointing out that the thinkers of many countries have been largely at one in recognising the importance, if not the preeminence, of pleasure as an end of Art, he goes on to note

the fact that the contribution of England has been a curiously continuous insistence upon the connection between the special pleasure of Art and the exercise of the activity which we call imagination. The association seemed to Dallas significant, and the pages in which he expounds this significance are of such exceptional insight and interest that, even with the risk of dulness staring me in the face, I cannot refrain from an attempt to indicate the substance of the exposition. Many have endeavoured to define imagination, and in every definition it has been recognised as one of various distinct faculties of the mind—one of a company of which other members are memory, reason, observation, and so on. And yet every observer has noticed certain obvious differences between imagination and its fellows. For example, it is impossible to confound memory and reason, or reason and observation; but imagination may at times resemble any one of the three. And again, one can *set oneself* to remember, or to reason, or to observe, but one cannot set oneself to imagine; imagination is either instinctive and involuntary or it is non-existent, and the words of Tennyson concerning his own verse are applicable to all authentic imaginative activity—

> "I do but sing because I must,
> And pipe but as the linnets sing."

These facts, and others still more curious, that are well known even to dabblers in psychology, sufficed to start Dallas along the by-way of thought traversed in the fascinating chapter, "The Hidden Soul," and the arresting conclusion at which he arrived is stated in a paragraph that ought to have been—and may yet prove to be—epoch-making in the history of psychological analysis.

> It has been shown that our minds lead a double life—one life in consciousness, another and a vaster life beyond it. . . . We have a conscious and a voluntary life; we have at the same time, of not less potency, an unconscious and involuntary life; and my argument is that *the unknown, automatic power which in common parlance we call imagination, is but another name for one of these lives—the unknown and automatic life of the mind with all its powers.* Our conscious life we know so well that we have been able to divide it into parts, calling this part reason, that memory, and that other feeling; but of the unconscious life we know so little that we lump it under the one name of imagination, and suppose imagination to be a division of the mind co-ordinate with memory, reason, or feeling.

I should, indeed, make myself ridiculous were I to pose as an authority on psychology, or as anything but a very superficial student of it; but I have devoted such thought as I am capable of to a very careful and often-repeated examination of the argument which brought Dallas to the conclusion enounced in the words I have italicised, and I believe it to be impregnable. Of course, the conceit of defective knowledge or imperfect discrimination may have led me hopelessly wrong. If, however, I have the good luck to be right, it is clear that a work which contains a really satisfying analysis of imagination—that elusive Proteus of the world of mind—must take a very distinguished place among the books to which this series of articles is devoted.

Still, I do not endeavour to brush the poppies of oblivion from the grave of "The Gay Science" simply because it disentangles some curiously twisted skeins of thought. It is, from first to last, excellent, and "by excellent," to quote from Mr. Augustine Birrell, "I mean excellent to read;" indeed a *book*, as distinguished from a *treatise*, can have no other excellence. Dallas was a successful journalist, and like the best of his tribe, whenever he produced literature he managed to array it in neat dressing-gown, smoking-cap, and slippers, which made it quite homely and companionable. This way of his may have operated against the success of his book; for many there be who hold that in the literature of a serious theme the readable and the superficial are identical. This is sad, because even Dallas's warmest admirer cannot deny that "The Gay Science" is one of the most readable books he knows. It is a damaging confession, but no honest man dare shut his eyes against a fact.

THE POETRY OF AUSTIN DOBSON.

By W. Davenport Adams.

THE publication, simultaneously in England and in America, of an enlarged edition of the Poems of Austin Dobson, seems to afford a fitting opportunity for reviewing (bibliographically rather than critically) the literary career of a writer at once so popular and so charming.

I remember, as if it were yesterday, my first acquaintance with the work of this delightful poet. It was made in the columns of the *St. Paul's Magazine* (first brought out under the editorship of Anthony Trollope, in October, 1867). It was not, let me say, in *St. Paul's* that Mr. Dobson made his first appearance in print. That distinction belongs to *Temple Bar*, in whose issue for December, 1864, figured "A City Flower," the first piece of verse that Mr. Dobson published. This was followed, early in 1865 and in the same miscellany, by "The Sundial." Mr. Dobson's first contribution to *St. Paul's* belongs to March, 1868, when he was represented by "Une Marquise." The poem was signed, simply, "A. D."; and as those initials continued to appear, at short intervals, in *St. Paul's*, I wondered what new personality they would reveal.

Between March, 1868, and March, 1874, inclusive, Mr. Dobson was represented in *St. Paul's* by thirty-five pieces. Of these I give the titles, in the order in which the poems appeared:—

Une Marquise (1868).
Avice.
A Song of Angiola in Heaven.
The Story of Rosina (1869).
The Song of Angiola on Earth.
The Death of Procris.
Ad Rosam.
The Sick Man and the Birds.
An Autumn Idyll.
The Drama of the Doctor's Window (1870).
A Gage d'Amour.
Outward Bound.
A Gentleman of the Old School.
A Garden Idyll.
A Virtuoso (1871).
In the Porch.
Growing Grey.
To Lydia Languish (1872).
The Bookworm.
Le Roman de la Rose.
The Love-letter.
Tu Quoque.
Laissez Faire.
A Dialogue from Plato.
Dorothy (1873).
A Legacy.
To Q. H. F.
A Song of Angiola Dead.
A Short Vacation.
Love's Quest.
Premiers Amours.
The Ambuscade.
André le Chapelain.
The Lost Elixir (1874).
The Misogynist.

Of these the last that was published during Trollope's editorship was "A Gentleman of the Old School" (July, 1870). Up to and including that date Mr. Dobson had invariably signed "A. D." From that time onwards his name was given in full. Concerning "A Gentleman of the Old School," I may record that it suggested to a lady writer in *Chambers' Journal* a pendant poem on "A Gentlewoman of the Old School" (July, 1871). It was, however, hardly likely that Mr. Dobson would allow this obvious privilege to be taken from him; and accordingly he wrote "A Gentlewoman of the Old School" (*Good Words*, December, 1871), which formed part and parcel of his first volume, "Vignettes in Rhyme and Vers de Société."

This was published in 1873, with the following dedication: "To Anthony Trollope these Verses are gratefully inscribed." There was also this rhythmical preface, which has not been reprinted:—

> Go, little Book, on this thy first emprise:
> If that thou 'scape the critic Ogre-land,
> And come to where young Beauty, with bright eyes,
> Listless at noon, shall take thee in her hand,
> Tell her that naught in thy poor Master stirs
> Of art, or grace, or song,—that is not Hers.

In this volume the author inserted all the *St. Paul's* pieces above-named except "In the Porch," "A Short Vacation," "Love's Quest" (sonnet), "The Ambuscade" (sonnet), "André le Chapelain," "Premiers Amours," "The Lost Elixir," and "The Misogynist." Of these, the first four have not, I believe, been republished in volume form; the last three were reproduced in Mr. Dobson's second volume, "Proverbs in Porcelain and other Verses" (1877), in which "Premiers Amours" figured as "Old Clo'." "André le Chapelain" was reprinted in "At the Sign of the Lyre," of which more hereafter.

The poems which appeared in the "Vignettes" for the first time in book-form were:—

A Dead Letter.
A Gentlewoman of the Old School.
A Revolutionary Relic.
Before Sedan.
Love in Winter.
Pot Pourri.
A City Flower.
Incognita.
My Landlady.
An Unfinished Song.
The Sundial.
Palomydes.
A Flower Song of Angiola.
The Dying of Tanneguy du Bois.
The Peacock on the Wall.

Of "A Gentlewoman of the Old School," "A City Flower," and "The Sundial" I have already spoken. "A Dead Letter" had been printed in *Macmillan's Magazine* for July, 1858; "Tanneguy du Bois" in *Under the Crown* (1869); "Before Sedan" in *Macmillan* (1870); "Love in Winter," "Angiola," and "An Unfinished Song" in *Good Words* (1871); "Palomydes" in the *Victoria Magazine* (1871); "My Landlady" in the *Nautical Magazine* (1872); and "Pot Pourri" in *Good Words* (1873). "A City Flower," "The Peacock on the Wall," "A Song of Angiola Dead," and "A Song of Angiola on Earth" have never been reprinted from "Vignettes." I may add that a second edition of "Vignettes" appeared in England in 1874, and that a volume of Mr. Dobson's verse, so entitled, was issued in America in 1880, with a preface by Mr. E. C. Stedman.

We now come to "Proverbs in Porcelain" (1877), in which, as I have said, Mr. Dobson included three of his *St. Paul's* contributions, the remainder being nearly all reprints from other periodicals. The dedication was "To Frederick Locker," in lines not since reprinted:—

> Is it to kindest friend I send
> This nosegay gathered new?
> Or is it more to critic sure,—
> To singer clear and true?
> I know not which, indeed, nor need:
> All three I found—in you.

In this volume (which contains some of the author's earliest work in the Anglicizing of French forms of verse) will be found a few poems which Mr. Dobson has not reproduced in his collected works:—"Apple-Blossoms," certain of the "Rose Leaves" ("These are leaves of My Rose," "Amari Aliquid," and "Old Loves"), and certain of the "Rondels and Rondeaux" ("Change" and "Fair"). Other "Rondels and Rondeaux" were disposed of in this fashion:—"Too hard it is to sing" re-appeared as a sort of poetical preface to the second edition of the "Proverbs" (1878); "To You I Sing" occupied the same position in subsequent volumes—"Old-World Idylls" (1883) and "Selected Poems" (1892); "When Finis comes" re-appeared as an "envoi" to "Old-World Idylls" (1883); and "You bid me Try" has been relegated in later books of Mr. Dobson's to the "Notes," on the ground that it is an adaptation from the French and a species of poetical "exercise." Of other poems in this volume I may note that "To a Greek Girl" and "A Roman 'Round-Robin'" were first printed in the *Spectator*.

In "Proverbs in Porcelain" (1877) Mr. Dobson had printed, besides the Rondels and Rondeaux above-mentioned, a series of Triolets ("Rose Leaves"), a Villanelle ("When I saw you last, Rose"), a Pantoum ("In Town"), and a Ballade ("The Prodigals"). To these he added in the second edition (1878) "A Loyall Ballade of the Armada," "The Ballad of Prose and Rhyme," and "A Quartet from Horace" (a rondel, a rondeau, two triolets, and a villanelle). In the same year (1878) he was so good as to contribute to an anthology of mine, called "Latter-Day Lyrics," a prose "Note on Some Foreign Forms of Verse," in which he gave an "expert," yet popular, description of the forms in question, with indications of the mode and spirit in which they should be written. It is unquestionably to Mr. Dobson that the popularity of these foreign forms in England and America is mainly due.

After 1878 Mr. Dobson published in England no volume of verse until 1883, when he issued "Old-World Idylls," based upon a collection of his verse which had been published in New York in 1880. With a few exceptions, as he himself explained in a prefatory note, the "Idylls" were chosen from the "Vignettes in Rhyme" and the "Proverbs in Porcelain." The chief pieces new to book-form were the following:—

As, to the pipe, with rhythmic feet.
The Wanderer (rondel).
To Ethel (rondeau).
Vixi Puellis (rondeau).
On a Nankin Plate (villanelle).
For a Copy of Theocritus (villanelle).
On a Fan (ballade).
The Ballad of Imitation.
O Navis (ballade).
The Dance of Death (chant royal).

Of these, "To Ethel" had found a place originally in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and "The Ballad of Imitation" had also been first seen in a periodical. The "Ballad of the Armada" re-appeared as "A Ballad to Queen Elizabeth," with the spelling modernized.

In 1885 came "At the Sign of the Lyre"; and of the eighty-one pieces of which the first edition consisted, no fewer than sixty figured for the first time in a volume. "At the Sign of the Lyre," in fact, was, to all intents and purposes, a fresh contribution to the library-shelves. Eight other editions have appeared, the later ones being augmented by the addition of such pieces as "To the Memory of Alexander Pope," "Prologue and Epilogue to 'She Stoops to Conquer,'" and "When Burbadge Played."

Some time after this, it occurred to Mr. Dobson that "Old-World Idylls" and "At the Sign of the Lyre," representing as they did the cream of his rhythmical achievement, might, for convenience' sake, be brought together under the title of "Poems on Several Occasions" (that under which Prior published his collected verses in 1709). Privately, I believe, this was soon done; but it was not done publicly till 1889, when Mr. Dobson's "Poems on Several Occasions" were issued in two volumes at New York.

A year or two later Mr. Dobson was invited by Messrs. Heinemann and Balestier to make a selection from his poems for publication in the "English Library" which those gentlemen were preparing, on the model of the Tauchnitz series, for consumption on the Continent. In that Library, accordingly, appeared in 1892 "Selected Poems by Austin Dobson"—a volume which one must needs grudge to the Continental public, seeing that it comprises that of his work which the poet deems most worthy. "If," wrote Mr. Dobson in his preface, "that could inevitably please the reader which has previously pleased the writer, then, assuredly, these little pieces should be fortunate in their fate." The selection included two poems not then available in England in book-form:—"A Noble Patron" and "The Poet's Seat."

For "The Quiet Life," published in 1890, Mr. Dobson wrote a "Prologue" and an "Epilogue." In 1892 a reprint of "The Ballad of Beau Brocade and other Eighteenth Century Verses," most sympathetically illustrated by Mr. Hugh Thomson, saw the light, and had a great success. In the same year "The Dance of Death"—a chant royal, first "collected" in the "Old-World Idylls"—was re-published, with a reprint of Holbein's designs. To an illustrated re-issue of the "Proverbs in Porcelain" in 1893 the author added a "vignette"—"Au Revoir"—which had already figured in "At the Sign of the Lyre."

This brings us to 1895. The two volumes of "Poems on Several Occasions," just published in England by Messrs. Kegan Paul, are the two volumes, so entitled, which (as above stated) were issued in America in 1889—with the addition of some ten or eleven hitherto uncollected pieces. Herein will be found "The Poet's Seat" and "The Noble Patron" aforesaid; also, the lines, "Sat est Scripsisse," which have already been read in a London periodical. Here, too, for the first time, all Mr. Dobson's work in the French forms aforesaid is brought together, with manifest advantage to the reader.

From Messrs. Kegan Paul has come also, within the last few weeks, a companion to the reprinted "Ballad of Beau Brocade, etc." (1892), in the shape of "The Story of Rosina and other Verses," with Mr. Hugh Thomson again as pictorial illustrator.

In February, 1895, a verse-writer in *Temple Bar* urged Mr. Dobson to resume his poetical labours. To this Mr. Dobson replied, in the March number, to the effect that he grew older every day, and was well content

> To yield to minstrels fitter
> His singing-robes, his singing-pride,
> His fancies sweet—and bitter

Renunciations of this sort are not, however, to be taken seriously; and assuredly I hope they are not to be so taken in Mr. Dobson's case. Indeed, I believe it was after the above quasi-valediction that he penned the poetical preface to the new edition of "Rosina."

Although, in Mr. Dobson's earlier lyric work, one caught echoes now and then of previous song, he soon made it evident that he had a distinct voice of his own. It has been too much the habit of critics and commentators to write of him as if he were a mere worker in the veins of literary ore already largely wrought by Praed and Locker. Praed's verse was apt to have a mechanical turn and a metallic tone of which there are no traces in Mr. Dobson's work. So, again, Mr. Dobson's rhythmic style is less easy-going, less familiar, less jaunty (so to speak) than Locker's frequently is. In my humble opinion Mr. Dobson is a better artist than either of the writers with whom he has been bracketed, for his social verse is pointed without being too antithetical, and fluent without being too colloquial. If Mr. Dobson has any literary ancestors at all, his descent is from Gay and Prior, who would be glad to salute him as their kinsman. But, in truth, he is very much more than a producer of light and lively verse. He has shown in his "Dance of Death" that he can handle a lofty theme with dignity and sonority; and in certain of his pieces, such as "The Child Musician" and "Before Sedan," he has sounded a genuinely pathetic note. His mastery alike of sentiment, of wit, of humour, is complete; and he is at his best, perhaps, when (as is so often the case) he unites all three in one agreeable whole. He did himself an obvious injustice when he wrote—

> Mine is an urban Muse, and bound
> By some strange law to paven ground.

His Muse has no such limitation. That he has a keen appreciation of the charms of Nature is seen, for example, in "A Song of the Four Seasons," which is so irresistibly spontaneous in movement.

Mr. Dobson, it is clear, was an artist from the first. Note the admirable finish—the apparent facility, the unerring felicity of rhythm, rhyme, and phrase—in those early pieces, "Une Marquise" and "Avice." The writer had even then an entire command of his chosen medium. Observe, too, Mr. Dobson's early leaning towards eighteenth-century subjects. "Une Marquise," as I have recorded above, appeared in 1868; "A Gentleman of the Old School" in 1870. Since then, Mr. Dobson has made his favourite century the object of unceasing and effective study. Work your way carefully through these volumes of "Poems on Several Occasions," and you will be struck by the large number of pieces which have been inspired by the author's interest in and sympathy with eighteenth-century life and character. Though he belongs to our times, he is not, in a literary sense, a part of them. His heart, as an author, is elsewhere—with old "Leisure" and "Madam Placid," with the wearers of the hoop and patch.

NEW BOOKS.

CARDINAL MANNING.*

1920 would have been a fitter date for the publication of this biography than the present year. The success of the book is likely to be a *succès de scandale:* already the bitterest feelings have been roused, and sleeping animosities awakened by its charges, insinuations, and general indiscretion. Mr. Purcell is consumed by a desire for truth, and our criticisms he anticipates by asking, "What would be gained by an effeminate paltering with facts? To wink in silence is only owl-like wisdom." And then he quotes a case out of "a robuster day"—the canonisation of St. Bernard in spite of the publication of his letters bringing false accusations against St. William of York. But our feebler day will not be bullied into thinking that Mr. Purcell's is the right method of presenting the life of a man he acknowledges to be great and devoted, whatever his faults, whose living friends and co-religionists will be pained by the premature publication of intimate and delicate diaries and correspondence, and who left work to be carried on, in which his whole heart was bound up, which will certainly be injured by the chill winds that will blow over his name from this book. Why did not Mr. Purcell "wink in silence"?

The book, we own, is intensely interesting, but as its interest is largely derived from what it has no right to contain at this moment, most of us would surely have given up the chance of psychological study to the next generation. If even the detraction had come in the form of a direct attack, or had it been included in a defensive life of any of the men whom Manning differed from and opposed, it would have been decenter. Our case for the postponement of much of the material in these two volumes is a perfectly sound one. Manning was revered, and deservedly so. The religious and philanthropic work he set his hand to was good work. He was the spiritual director of many who derived strength from their veneration of him, and still draw on his memory for example and support. His energy, his efforts for the public service, were so extraordinary as to make ordinary men hardly fit to be his judge, and his habits amid every temptation to indulgence and luxury were ascetic in the extreme. When a man like that dies, give his memory and his work their best chance of exerting an influence on a world that needs it. Time enough when the bitter recollection of strifes has died out, when the work of the dead is assured, or given up, when those who looked to him for guidance have also gone to their rest, or become habituated to other counsellors—time enough then to make the exact psychological study, to reckon up the account accurately. The whole tale of Catholicism in England from the Tractarian days has yet to be told. There is ample documentary material waiting for it, and when bitterness and partisanship have softened, there is no fear but that Newman and Manning will be put in their due places. For the present, Newman's memory stands in need of no defence, and if it did, it gets but a sorry one here, for all the revelations of guile on the other side. Mr. Purcell thinks this point of view sentimental. Unless in the biography of ruffians, we call it only fair play.

But though he has set down some unflattering things, and opened the controversy aggressively, perhaps a few prudent, what Mr. Purcell would call owl-like, persons may still reserve their judgment. Very likely his statements are mainly true; he gathers proofs enough of them in his bulky, ill-arranged book. But one has a shrewd idea the sum of them is wrongly added up. The good and bad in the great Churchman's life are both certainly out of focus. It would be a mistake to say he fails to appreciate Manning altogether, for he has made desperately conscientious efforts at justice; and though much of the disagreeable tone may be accounted for by dislike, none of it need be set down to malice. And for all his bold talk of truth, he is probably suppressing his real opinion in the chapter on the relations of Newman and Manning. Does Newman's Gallicanism account to him for all Manning's opposition? At least, he has suggested, by his awkward, devil's-advocate kind of apology, something far more damaging. He does not understand the man, save in a general way, and the man was indeed, as Newman said, "difficult to understand." Manning retorted, not directly, that Newman also was "very difficult"—to soften; and added, "we ended by a promise to say masses for each other." It was at least better than writing each other's biographies without sympathy or comprehension. Mr. Purcell laughs indulgently at Manning's self-deception in thinking he had made a sacrifice in entering the Church, while he had only left a desk in a Government office. But though he may have deceived himself about the motive of his renunciation, there is no doubt of his keen disappointment when his father's bankruptcy seemed to shut the gates of a political career. He was ever a politician to his finger-tips; and no doubt it would have been wholesomer if he had been one in the legitimate sphere.

Manning was of course perfectly aware of his ambition, and was alternately proud and ashamed of it. "To say so and to do so is equally an act of volition," were boyish words. "I do feel pleasure in honour, precedence, eleva-

* "Life of Cardinal Manning," Archbishop of Westminster. By E. S. Purcell. 2 vols. 30s. Macmillan.

tion, the society of great people, and all this is very shameful and mean," he wrote in 1846. But it is perfectly useless to imagine him without ambition and irresistible self-will. He was so fashioned that his virtues and moral energies could only make themselves felt when he was free, unopposed, in a position to command. It is impossible to say he would have sulked in obscurity. He simply could not have remained there. In fighting for a place where he could be his best self he was fulfilling his eternal fate as much as Newman in his contemplative retirement. The examination of his conscience concerning this very sin of ambition, contains this alternative to the charge—"Why not believe in a Divine government of the lives of men?"

But we have no desire to hold a brief for the Cardinal. A man of such unbending will, overpowering self-confidence, fierce belief, who could not "hold truth moderately," would "as soon think of holding the multiplication table in moderation," has a long score of charges to face when the cool judgment time arrives. We only regret Mr. Purcell's unkindly haste. Manning, the lover and defender of the poor and weak, was as real as Manning the ambitious ecclesiastic, far more real and near to the Catholics of London. And his great devotion should have bought for him a longer Truce of God, for the good he did to be planted firm and given its best chance of living after him.

THE HISTORY OF THE FOREIGN POLICY OF GREAT BRITAIN.*

Every schoolboy who does *not* know his English History, knows that the foreign affairs are the hardest part. They are in fact usually intermittent peeps into Continental history, a subject of which he is wholly ignorant. A similar difficulty is felt by older readers. It hardly applies to French history, which is itself more or less the history of Europe, at least of Western Europe. But in our popular histories of England we necessarily find periods of detailed information upon Continental affairs separated by intervals of silence and mystery. As a result, our knowledge of foreign relations becomes episodical, and we fail to grasp the continuity and complete development of British policy. This defect Professor Burrows has remedied by devoting a separate volume to the subject, which he thus reduces to order and consistency.

The objection which he foresees may be brought against his method is more obvious than weighty, namely, that it is as as much a history of England in special relation to foreign affairs as a history of foreign policy. For his method is a judicious concession to the unprofessional reader. Such exhaustive treatment, from the technical point of view, of diplomacy and international law as Professor Holland might have adopted, would have produced a treasure for statesmen, but a gift of little value to the ordinary reader. That curious and impatient enquirer wants to be told in plain words how and why our fathers got on with their neighbours—how they quarrelled and fought, schemed and plotted, made and broke treaties, put out their strength and skill to beard the strong and help the weak, elbowed their way to the front rank among the nations, and, once there, kept there. This may be but a branch of English history, but it is the history of public policy as the British subject understands it and as Professor Burrows interprets it for him.

The continuity of our foreign policy is the main theme of the book. Inaugurated by the Norman Conquest, and under the Tudors assuming a definite expression, that policy followed a twofold aim. England's insular position enabled her to decline to be drawn against her will into Continental struggles; on the other hand, her foreign possessions and her trade interests justified her interference whenever she chose. A peaceful, sociable Europe, or what the unsound political economy of those days considered nearly as good, a mutually destructive Europe, was her ideal, and that ideal took shape as the Balance of Power. Its preservation was, and is to-day, though the phrase be kept in the background, the prime object of our diplomacy. One period, and that a long one, stands out as an exception—the seventeenth century. This is treated in the second chapter, probably the most interesting in the book. The author in few and forcible words shows how under the false and feeble policy of the two first Stuarts—words, not deeds, especially such phrases as their *beati pacifici*—the control of the Balance of Power slipped from their hands, was seized by Richelieu, and retained by France till the time of William III. That Cromwell should have continued the policy of the Stuarts has always been difficult to explain. By thus aggrandizing France he laid the train for the wars of the next century. The temptation to humble Holland was no doubt natural and strong, but this excuse is inadequate, and the author leaves the problem unsolved.

As we pass to the Georges he is forced to include a considerable amount of political history, and this gains much by his rapid and forcible narration. Especially clear and consistent is his treatment of Walpole's policy. The growing influence of colonial interests is carefully traced, but possibly too little space is devoted to India. Needless to say that, in dealing with the Great War with France, the Professor takes a firm, national, English standpoint, nor is he in the least ashamed of Trafalgar and Waterloo. But he is absolutely fair to the other side. The last two chapters contain a rapid—a too rapid—but well connected sketch of the modern phases of the subject from 1815 to about 1860. Beyond that limit it would have been injudicious to venture into the thorny paths of contemporary politics.

What gives peculiar value to the work, and should make it popular, is the skill with which it is constructed, and the easy, strenuous flow of its narration. Facts are marshalled in an orderly, lucid manner, so that the continuous argument is never lost, while the language is as plain, as direct, and as forcible as it well can be. The book is well within the grasp of the average reader, but will well repay perusal by the historical expert. And it is, what so many histories are not, very pleasant reading. Y. Y.

* "The History of the Foreign Policy of Great Britain." By Professor Montagu Burrows. Price 12s. (Blackwood.)

STEVENSON'S NEW POEMS.*

Here are collected "A Child's Garden of Verses," "Underwoods," "Ballads," and "Songs of Travel." The last, hitherto unpublished—save for a few pieces that appeared in periodicals just after the writer's death—are eminently characteristic; not one known side of his nature is left unillumined by them. They reflect his vagabondage, his love of home, his peculiarly tender pathos, his sympathy with strange and tropic beauty, his stern Scotch morality, his social genius, and his deep religious instincts. They may not be very lofty rhymes, even the best of them, but they come from his heart and go straight to ours, and some will live, we are sure, with the lengthy, sturdy life of simple songs. Free-hearted tramps will set this to the tune of their footsteps for many a day:

"Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me.
Wealth I ask not, hope, nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I ask—the heaven above,
And the road below me."

That is the Travel Song for youth, in youth's own words. Here is a stanza from another such:

"The untented Kosmos my abode,
I pass, a wilful stranger;
My mistress still the open road
And the bright eyes of danger.
Come ill or well, the cross, the crown,
The rainbow or the thunder,
I fling my soul and body down
For God to plough them under."

And here is a picture of Youth the wayfarer, painted by a man who once was young:

"Thick as the stars at night when the moon is down,
Pleasures assail him. He to his nobler fate
Fares; and but waves a hand as he passes on,
Cries but a wayside word to her at the garden gate,
Sings but a boyish stave, and his face is gone."

It will be enough to remind readers that in this book are collected such beautiful things as "Blows the wind to-day, and the sun and the rain are flying," "Mater Triumphans," "The Woodman," and "In the highlands, in the country

* "The Works of Robert Louis Stevenson." Poetry. (Edinburgh: Printed by T. and A. Constable.)

places." These are already known and loved. Stevenson, of course, was never so fastidious about his poetry as about his prose, and there are occasional verses here which might as well have been omitted for all their literary or their autobiographic interest. But these trifles are easily forgotten. The poems we have named are not; and they by no means exhaust the beauties of the collection, to which must be added "Evensong," "Farewell, fair day and fading light," "We uncommiserate pass into the night." How many of these verses calmly and sweetly look towards death! From one of the graver pieces we must quote some lines, not that they stand out for their poetical excellence, but because they vigorously paint the colour of Stevenson's optimism.

"God, if this were faith?
Having felt Thy wind in my face
Spit sorrow and disgrace,
Having seen Thine evil doom
In Golgotha and Khartoum,
And the brutes, the work of Thine hands,
Fill with injustice lands
And stain with blood the sea:

. . . . .

If to feel, in the ink of the slough,
And the sink of the mire,
Veins of glory and fire

. . . . .

To thrill with the joy of girded men,
To go on for ever and fail and go on again,
And be mauled to the earth and arise,
And contend for the shade of a word, and a thing
not seen with the eyes;
With the half of a broken hope for a pillow at night,
That somehow the right is the right,
And the smooth shall bloom from the rough:
Lord, if that were enough?"

SOCIALISM UNDER FIRE.*

Why do so many learned economists write in such an abstruse dialect? This little volume, careful, precise, and, on the whole, candid, is yet very hard reading, and might have been made simpler. But few other books lately published have more substance in them. The author has packed into a small space not only his account of Socialism as a theory of rights and duties, but his criticism on its economic methods and its probable results. He is especially good at definition, a matter of life and death where systems are concerned that have a certain outward likeness, and yet in essence may be the contrary one of another. By Socialism we ought to mean that arrangement, whether Municipal or centralised, under which private profits are abolished, and production is in the hands of the governing body. It need not extend to the supersession of private ownership. And, in the abstract, it leaves the family untouched; nor does it include what is known as "Free Love," or "Experimental Marriage,"—nay, not even the State maintenance of children. It has, of course, no theological implications, and may be described as neutral, or agnostic, towards all religions. Furthermore, in advocating the great social changes which it has in view, this economic propaganda may very well employ the political machinery now in use, and, though revolutionary, is by no means a friend to violence and disorder. Those who talk of Socialism, Anarchism, and Communism as if they were one and the same, overlook essential differences, darken counsel with words, and pay for their want of insight by misapplying the objections which, under skilful management, would tell against one of these systems but which cannot be valid against them all.

Professor Gonner puts under the microscope, first the theory, second, the history, and last of all the working process on which Socialism relies. Not being himself an Individualist, he can afford to grant that those who call for well-devised legislation which would limit, but not do away with, private ownership, have much to say for themselves. He disputes the famous "iron law,"—the invariable "standard of comfort,"—which Marx and Lassalle derived, whether rightly or wrongly, from Ricardo. He is at issue with Marx regarding the fundamental principle of that writer's economics, by which labour determines value in exchange. He will not allow that the "present" system is mere competition, but takes it as including other elements, combination among workmen, State interference as in the Factory Acts, customs of the trade, and so forth. He can hardly see his way to definite conclusions as to the extent or the depth of social misery. In other words, he is disposed to question the facts, and cannot, in the main, go along with the principles on which Socialist agitation has relied in pleading for a new economic order of things. If I may point to a serious defect in his treatment, as it appears to me, the professor takes far too little account of that large class who are neither workmen nor capitalists in the proper sense, but are merely a rent-charge upon both. The relation of these to that society which supports them, often in luxurious ease, cannot be determined by laying down the right, or even the necessity, of interest as a function of capitation. It must be finally explained by the consideration which Anton Menger has suggested of the bearing which the Right to Exist has upon the Right to Labour; and had this been more fully discussed, I think the present essay would have gone nearer to the quick of the Socialist doctrine.

The extreme Left of that party which, during a hundred years and more, has preached up the non-interference of Government with production, we now see to be an impossible Anarchism. But even the Left Centre, as represented by John Bright and the old English Liberal, must be held responsible for widespread discomfort and no little injustice towards the defenceless portion of the working class, above all in great centres of population. On the other hand, we are shown in these pages what a tremendous, what an irresistible power the State-Monopoly could wield against individuals, with its Labour-Test, its practical censorship of all writing and printing, its indolent scorn of genius, its devotion to routine, its wire-pulling, and,—unless human nature were developed "into something rich and strange,"—its all too probable corruption. Economically, such a State perhaps would not be efficient. Where is the guarantee that it would be progressive? Neither must we overlook the dangers which might still threaten family life, religious freedom, and exceptionally-gifted persons, when the mandarins, the task-masters, and the caucus-mongers had in their disposal all the resources of civilisation. Lastly, we may enquire if the doctrine of "equal wages" must prevail, or that other, so unlike it, of "payment by results." With equal wages, natural inequalities count for nothing; but the world is not fashioned on this principle. With unequal, conceive the strife of professions in the Socialist Parliament! Here is a delicate or even decisive point, on which no light has been thrown by the reformers.

Still, as Professor Gonner admits, there is a grave problem to which these enthusiastic and often most generous-minded men and women have called the nation's attention, not a moment too soon. If the choice lay between a "soul-less Individualism" and their doctrine, many who now decline to stand where they do would go over to their side. But there is a middle term; perhaps there are many middle terms. The State is more than a policeman or a judge enforcing the bargains which individuals have made. It has regard to the whole, and therefore in a certain measure may legislate for the parts. It is bound to see that in the onward march the needy and the poor be not trampled down by those who make haste to be rich. It must take care that the new generation may grow up sound, vigorous, and well-trained in mind and body. The question is, however, by what means all this can best be done. Certainly not by letting things take their course; but just as little by making an end of competition openly, and then restoring it in a more detestable form under the guise of the bureaucratic State. With corrupt voting, and professional wire-pulling, it is clear that this omnipotent machine would be at the service of a faction, which might decree iniquity by a law and call it the People's Will. Political economy has hitherto been largely atomic; it is now striving to become organic. But in a healthy organism there is liberty as well as order; and our problem will not be solved if we sacrifice either of these.

WILLIAM BARRY.

* "The Socialist State, its Nature, Aims and Conditions." By F. C. Gonner, Brunner Professor of Economic Science, University College, Liverpool. (London: Walter Scott.)

THE MONKS OF THE WEST.*

This handsome edition of the great work of Montalembert will be cordially welcomed by all who take an interest in the history of western monasticism. Type, paper, and binding are excellent; and though the volumes occasionally run out to close on 500 pages, they are light and pleasant to handle. One cannot but regret, however, that the labour of reference has not been facilitated by the addition of an index, which in such a work would have been invaluable. The text is apparently the same as that which delighted the Catholic part of Christendom some thirty years ago, though, as Dr. Gasquet incidentally observes, modern research and criticism would have caused the author, had he now been revising his book, "sometimes to modify, or indeed in some few instances to rectify, the conclusions to which his studies at that time led him." In the large popular scheme which Montalembert had in view these may doubtless be regarded as nice details of more interest and importance to the student than to the general reader. In any case, such imperfections are more than compensated by the brief, yet comprehensive and luminous survey of "monastic constitutional history" which Dr. Gasquet furnishes by way of introduction. Repugnant as the monastic idea is at the present day to the Reformed Churches, there can be no doubt of the enormous share it had in the civilisation of Europe. Indeed, it seems possible enough that "few nations of the modern world would have been converted to Christianity, or tutored in the arts of peace, except through the medium of monasticism." As the Romans subjugated less by force of arms than by the gradual influence of the colonies they planted among the conquered nations, so the pagan west was evangelised by the settlement of monastic communities; and the secret of the monk's power for good "lay not in his words chiefly, but in the example of his monastic life."

So much may be ungrudgingly conceded; in its day of faith and fervour monasticism did achieve mighty results, and one cannot forget the horror and desperation of the age in which it first opened its gates of refuge; but with what limitations was the monastery "a realisation of the ideal of Christianity"? It excluded the world and its social problems; it shut out the family, it knew nothing of wife and child, and of the joy, pain, anxiety, toil, bereavement which these imply; responsibility, competition, labour, hunger were no longer factors in human existence. It created an artificial world, in which the weakest need not go to the wall, in which there was no struggle for material existence, and in which the fittest and the most unfit had equal chances of survival. Such a realisation of the ideal of Christianity could never be the realisation which Christ contemplated. And yet in some respects how beautiful it was. "It would be too sad," says Montalembert, "to enumerate all the points of the globe where prayer is extinct, and where God listens for, without hearing, the voice of man." One remembers the Mohammedan legend of the creation, in which it was told how, when the Creator showed the angels his work, and asked if all was not good, the angel Israfil replied that one thing was lacking—a voice of sweetness and power to sing forth praise day and night. This voice monasticism realised in the divine office; and so long as that voice was a veritable living fountain the world was the better for it; for are not "Prayers the daughters of great Zeus" in all ages; "tottering, and with the wrinkled brow of anxiety, they hasten after the steps of Wrong"?

There are several noticeable points in Dr. Gasquet's introduction. Observe, for instance, the distinction between the Monastic and the Religious Orders. Monasticism was an attempt to realise "Christian social sanctity"—to bring the individual soul to the highest perfection; the Religious Orders had essentially some special work or aim, in view of which many of the observances of the monastic life had to give away. Then there is the curious fact that originally the monks of the West were all one body living under various rules, and that St. Benedict's *Regula Monachorum* was never intended as a system for an exclusive brotherhood or order. Finally we have a sketch of the rise of the great orders, and the salient conclusion that so far as these departed from the simple and liberal rule of the human-hearted "Father of Monasticism," just so far they introduced elements of weakness and final disintegration. Of Montalembert's work it is too late in the day to speak. It is the noble and brilliant production of a poet and a fervid Catholic. Naturally it shows the defects of his qualities, but from his point of view it is sincere, learned, enthusiastic; and while the reader will find much with which he will be unable to agree, he will find more to awaken his sympathy, admiration, and even regret; for, however strongly he may object to the monastic system, he will feel assured that many of the men were not only saints, but beautiful and lovable saints.

WILLIAM CANTON.

* "The Monks of the West from St. Benedict to St. Bernard." By the Count de Montalembert. With an Introduction by the Rev. F. A. Gasquet, D.D, O.S.B., author of "Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries." In six volumes. (John C. Nimmo)

THE AGE OF DRYDEN.*

The series which Professor Hale is editing, and of which this is, we believe, the second volume, aims at being that very difficult and important something between the text-book for schools and the gracefully allusive literary essay. Dr. Garnett has done his part of the work admirably. Most readable is his book, written with a fine sense of proportion, and containing many independent judgments, yet, even so far as minor names and dates and facts are concerned, complete enough for all save a searcher after minutiæ. The judicious weeding has left space for excellent unconventional criticism and some light-giving comparisons; and if we do not always agree with him, our difference suggests an interesting subject of argument or reflection, while as a rule we never feel inclined to argue with a text-book at all. For instance, Dr. Garnett's likening of Dryden to Victor Hugo seems to us very far-fetched indeed; but there is something stimulating in this comparison of Dryden's dramatic genius with Byron's: "From the theatrical point of view Dryden's plays are greatly superior to Byron's; if the latter's rank higher as literature, the main cause is the existence of more favourable conditions. Dryden's worst faults would have been impossible in the nineteenth century; and his treatment of the supernatural, his frequent visitations of speculation, and the lofty tone of his heroic passages, prove that he could have drawn a Manfred, a Cain, or a Myrrha, if he had lived like Byron in a renovated age." The intelligence of Dr. Garnett's criticism seems proved, to us at least, in his distinction, in times past and times present, between what is good literature and what is good matter for the literary historian. Speaking of the difference in life between the Elizabethan and the Restoration drama, and doing full justice to the intellectual merits of both, he says, "Hence we may prophesy of the success of the endeavour of Ibsen and other men of distinguished talent, to produce dramas conceived in an entirely realistic spirit, and entirely devoted to the problems of modern society. Such competitions will be valuable *pièces justificatives* for the intellectual history of the nineteenth century, but they will be extinct as literary forces long ere the end of the twentieth." Imprudent, maybe, to speak of burning controversies of your own day when you are writing the history of the past; but the judgment will strike a good many readers as eminently clear-headed, apt, and fair, and quite legitimately introduced to throw light on a less familiar time.

Then there are several critiques of men who have been judged a thousand times already, that are still well worth reading: those of Bunyan, of Congreve, and Butler, to give a few examples. His summing up of the little that is known of the difficult character of Dryden comes as near to presenting a just portrait as probably can be done. And among his judgments and appeals for rejudgment, we would fain hope that his defence of Otway's "Orphan," as a literary and as a stage play, will not be overlooked by disinterested encouragers of the drama.

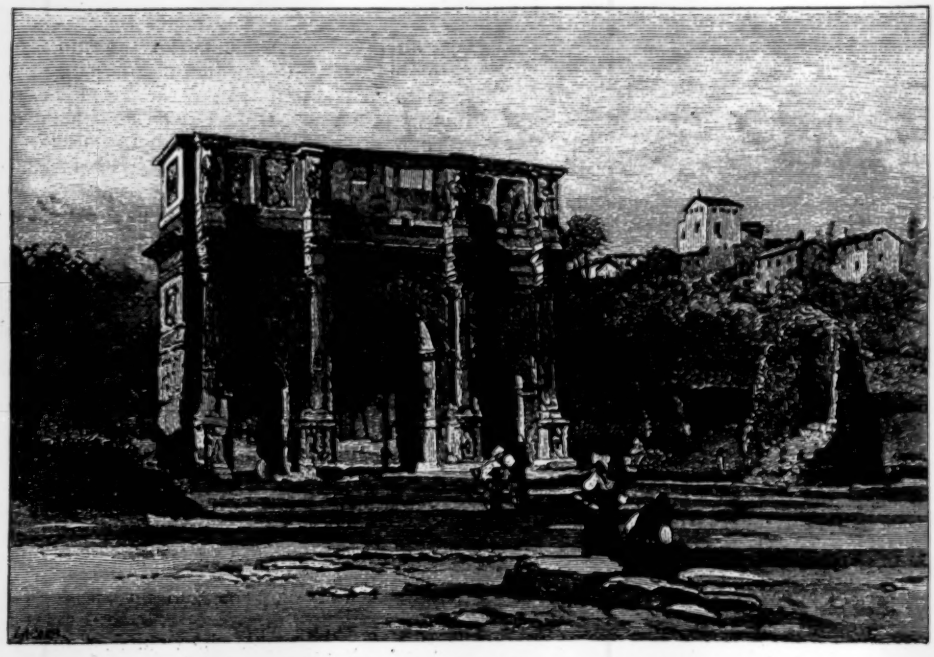
The book, as we have said, expresses too many independent views to be accepted blandly. Dr. Garnett seems to us to rate Thomas Burnet too high. There are very bald statements in Chapter I. about the want of elevation of a literature that had by this time been glorified by Corneille and Pascal. And—but this is, of course, a trifle—to speak

* "The Age of Dryden." By R. Garnett. LL.D. Handbooks of English Literature. (G. Bell and Sons.)

of Cotton's translation of Scarron and "other versions from the French" is a little contemptuous, surely, to his Montaigne. It isn't so readable as Florio's, but it is the version most Englishmen know Montaigne by. Yet a minute scrutiny will not find much to criticise adversely in this well-planned and well-written little manual, and we heartily endorse the words with which Dr. Garnett—who has been speaking of some of the less agreeable sides of the literature of to-day—closes his book. "The antidote," he says, "might be sought in less hopeful quarters than in the sound sense, manly vigour, and solid execution of the robust if prosaic writers of the age of Dryden."

THE MAKERS OF MODERN ROME.*

This is on a larger scale than the author's "Makers of Florence." The subject is more elaborately treated, and here and there too lengthily, we think, for what is necessarily a popular book. A little weeding out of some stodgy matter, however, is all that is wanted to make it serve its purpose excellently. As a populariser of culture very few writers equal Mrs. Oliphant; and though she has never pretended to be an original researcher, she has the historic sense. The chapters here that tell of Gregory the Great, of Hildebrand, and of Rienzi fill us with admiration, while the stories of the Roman ladies, whom she has chosen to illustrate the intimate life of the city, are told with much graciousness, and present us with some new points of view. It is a book for all of us who are not specialists, but it is a book specially for our countrymen and women in Rome, who have no other guide-book at once so detailed and so readable. For us at home Mr. Riviere and Mr. Pennell have done a great deal, and that excellently, to bring the sites of the great events before our eyes.



From "The Makers of Modern Rome." (Macmillan.)

ANOTHER JUNGLE BOOK.†

A chorus of approval has welcomed both Mr. Kipling's Jungle Books, and they are so good on the whole that no one can be much surprised at the unanimity. But indiscriminating praise is never satisfactory, and these have been praised indiscriminatingly. An idea is abroad that the books are for children. What a jury of honest children would say about them we do not venture to assert. Mr. Kipling would not have very much to fear from youthful judgments, perhaps, though these might not be so unanimous as the critics'. But this second series emphasises what some may have felt about the first, that there is stuff in these books which he has never surpassed, never equalled, indeed, and that it is not within the comprehension of one child in a thousand. The animal stories on their level are middling. You never feel that he has got away from human ways and prejudices, but rather that tales of the forest inhabitants have given him a welcome, to us slightly tedious, opportunity of formulating Mr. Kipling's ideal human code, in which a kind of military obedience forms one chief article. To children, with their love, natural and inculcated, of a moral lesson, and their undoubted interest in four-footed and furry creatures, we can well believe the stories are attractive. Still, as stories, and as revelations of beasts' nature, they fail rather than excel in imagination.

But for the others, they have notes of wild grandeur that hardly one of the poets of the day could equal. Strange that Mr. Kipling, with his drum-major-like sense of discipline and order, should be able to call up from his depths such a magnificent song of barbarism as "Letting in the Jungle." The terrible strife between wild elemental strength and human craft and skill was never more imaginatively treated, and a shudder runs through us at the onward path of Hathi, or at the sight of the bark striped and chiselled not five minutes ago "with the stroke of some great taloned paw," the signal that the jungle had reclaimed its own. Less terrible, but no less wonderful in insight, is "The Miracle of Purun Bhagat," the tale of the man of enlightenment and advanced ideas, and a great statesman, too, who suddenly gave up all his dignities, and walked through the city gates, barefoot, alone, and in the guise of a beggar. But there had been no real suddenness. "Even when he was being lionised in London he had held before him his dream of peace and quiet—the long, white, dusty Indian road, printed all over with bare feet, the incessant, slow-running traffic, and the sharp-smelling wood-smoke curling up under the fig-trees in the twilight, where the wayfarers sat at their evening meal." Than the tale of his years of sanctity Mr. Kipling has told none more perfect. Speaking of things at the back of common life Mr. Kipling has always the ring of greatness.

* "The Makers of Modern Rome." In Four Books. I. Honourable Women not a Few; II. The Popes who made the Papacy; III. Lo Popolo, and the Tribunes of the People; IV. The Popes who made the City. By Mrs. Oliphant. With Illustrations by H. P. Riviere, A.R.W.S., and Joseph Pennell. 21s. (Macmillan.)

† "The Second Jungle Book." By Rudyard Kipling. With Illustrations by J. Lockwood Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)

ANIMA POETÆ.*

It would appear that *pietas* is a traditional virtue in the Coleridge family. Mr. E. H. Coleridge, to whom we already owe two volumes of the poet's letters, and hope some day to owe his adequate biography, has in the meantime given us a book almost equal in value to the famous "Table Talk," published by Henry Nelson Coleridge in 1835. It consists of a selection from the voluminous note-books which throughout his life were Coleridge's most intimate companions, and which he filled with a rich and rare medley, the ingatherings of a singularly restless and acquisitive mind. There are *personalia* here and philosophizings, records of dreams and scraps of scholastic criticism, hints for a thousand and one literary schemes that never came to the birth, and notes of "the harvest of a quiet eye" among the sights and sounds of external nature. In many ways such fragmentary jottings show the seer of Highgate at his very best. They bring into sharp contrast the two sides—the thinker and the poet—so closely bound together in that complex personality. So that at one time you have him crying, "Good heavens! let me never eat a roasted potato without dwelling on it, and detailing its train of consequences;" at another leaning from his chamber-window to mark the phases of the moon and the setting of the evening star behind the mountains. It is the fashion to shake the moralising head over Coleridge as over one ruined by a strange infirmity of the will. "He is inextricably sunk in putrescent indolence," was Carlyle's pretty phrase. And a critic writes of Green's lifelong attempt to complete his master's *magnum opus*, "It was in vain. There was no *magnum opus*. The existence of such a work was all moonshine." Nor can the recent discovery of two treatises on logic be expected to sensibly affect this verdict. And yet, are we to take "indolence" and "moonshine" as final words upon the matter? Or shall we rather say, that Coleridge spent his life waiting, waiting for a sign from heaven, in the belief that through incessant study and incessant contemplation it would one day be given him to receive the revelation, to be the chosen interpreter to mankind of the riddle of existence. And of course there was no sign from heaven, there was no revelation. Surely the secret of Coleridge's failure, if you choose to call it a failure, must be sought, not so much in any infirmity of will, as in something paradoxical in the deep composition of the man. With all the interests of a philosopher, he had all the temperament of a poet. He sought to explain immortality, but it was his gift to intimate it. And, for me, I do not think that Coleridge failed. Is it failure, to have given the initial impulse to two widely reaching and widely opposed schools of thought, to have been the spiritual progenitor at once of Pusey and of F. D. Maurice? And who among all the prophets of the generation shall teach us more than Coleridge, if we are content to look for his wisdom where the wisdom of a poet is to be found, not in the set treatise, but in the inspired flash, the luminous side-light upon time and eternity? Coleridge, well nigh as "myriad-minded" as his revered Shakespeare, was many things in his chequered day, but at heart he was always primarily a poet. He had the keen vision of Nature's lover, the rapt gaze of the nympholept. I have put together from Mr. E. H. Coleridge's pages a bundle of arrowy sayings, in which intuition and imagination go hand in hand, and the observer of God's works is at the same time the mouthpiece of God's truth:

"The whale is followed by waves. I would glide down the rivulet of quiet life, a trout."

"A rosemary tree, large as a timber tree, is a sweet sign of the antiquity and antique manners of the house against which it groweth."

"To you there are many like me, yet to me there is none like you, and you are always like yourself. There are groves of night-flowers, yet the night-flower sees only the moon."

"I would say to a man who reminded me of a friend's unkind words or deeds which I had forgiven—Smoking is very well while we are all smoking, even though the head is made dizzy by it and the candle of reason burns red, dim and thick; but, for Heaven's sake, don't put an old pipe to my nose just at breakfast time, among dews and flowers and sunshine."

"The sweet prattle of the chimes—counsellors pleading in the court of Love—then the clock, the solemn sentence of the mighty Judge—long pause between each pregnant, inappellable word, too deeply weighed to be reversed in the High-Justice Court of Time and Fate. A more richly solemn sound than this eleven o'clock at Antwerp I never heard—dead enough to be opaque as central gold, yet clear enough to be the mountain air."

All honour to Mr. E. H. Coleridge for the enthusiasm which has led him to keep green the memory of his great kinsman, and for the discretion with which he has executed his task.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

* "Anima Poetæ." From the Unpublished Note-books of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. (Heinemann.)

THE CRIMEA IN 1854 AND 1894.*

This book is a valuable record of a singularly observant eye-witness. Sir Evelyn Wood—we need hardly remind our readers—commenced his career in the Naval Service, and it was not till after the Crimean War that he changed over into the branch wherein he has won such great distinction. As a "middy" he served in the Naval Brigade under Captain Peel, afterwards so renowned in the Indian Mutiny. The book is full of interesting reminiscences and anecdotes, but perhaps the most striking portions are those that deal with the sufferings undergone by the troops. This is, we know, an oft-told tale, but so terrible are its lessons that it is one well worthy of repetition. Though painted in the most lurid colours possible by both Kinglake and Russell, the miserable blunders of the home government, and the horrors undergone by the men have been no whit exaggerated, as the narration of Sir Evelyn Wood clearly shows. Even after the lapse of forty years it is not possible for an Englishman to read that grisly record without a feeling of anger. The mismanagement could not be laid on one man's shoulders. The long peace and the mistaken national economics of the time were partially responsible; but to the plain man who has a horror of nicely shaded distinctions and an impatience of divided responsibility it does certainly seem a pity that no one was impeached and brought to justice for this great national crime. If there is one thing in this recital that strikes us more than the sufferings, it is the bravery of the common soldiers. Though cold and hunger and prolonged exertion gradually wore down the efficiency of even the strongest, there never seems to have been any reluctance to defend the trenches, however great the odds or murderous the fire. However wearied and numb the men might be, they always responded to the word of command with the utmost alacrity, and displayed in the highest degree that "two o'clock in the morning courage" which is said to be so rare and is prized so highly. Sir Evelyn Wood's account of the battles and the siege operations which made up that deplorable war is admirable in the extreme, as he narrates each incident impartially and with great clearness. He modestly says very little of his own prowess, though his proximity to Captain Peel all through proves that he must have been incessantly exposed to danger. However, he gives us a graphic account of what befell him when he took part in an unsuccessful attempt to storm the Redan. The book is enriched with several maps and plans, and with humorous sketches that would be very amusing if they were not harrowing. This is a work we most cordially commend to all thoughtful men.

* "The Crimea in 1854 and 1894." General Sir Evelyn Wood. (Chapman & Hall, 1895.)

THE CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE OF IMMORTALITY.†

In furnishing a trustworthy and thoroughly scientific exposition of "The Christian Doctrine of Immortality" Professor Salmond has rendered a service which merits the amplest recognition. Worthy of recognition are the courage which chose a subject bristling with difficulties, the patience and resolution which have weighed, sifted, and disposed of these difficulties, the method and scholarship which fit him

† "The Christian Doctrine of Immortality." By Stewart D. F. Salmond, D.D., Professor of Theology, Free Church College, Aberdeen. (T. and T. Clark.)

to be a safe pioneer, the fairness of mind which inspires confidence, the lucidity and completeness of treatment which tell of a thorough digestion of the entire, multifarious material connected with the subject. The volume presents one of the very finest specimens of Biblical theology that we have. A veteran both in Old and New Testament Exegesis, Professor Salmond brings to the elucidation of his subject the stores accumulated during a lifetime of study. His conclusions will no doubt be contested, and difference of opinion regarding the convincing character of some of his arguments will, of course, find expression, but there will be a general agreement that the task here accomplished could scarcely have been committed to more competent hands.

A large part of the volume is occupied with an exposition of the "Ethnic Preparation" for the Christian Doctrine; and under this head the Indian, Babylonian, Persian, Egyptian, and Greek beliefs are amply discussed. Then follows a full treatment of the Old Testament Preparation, after which we have an exposition of the teaching of Christ, of Paul, and of the other Apostles touching this momentous theme. The volume is concluded by a chapter in which Conditional Immortality, Probation after Death, and similar subjects are discussed. It will thus be seen that Professor Salmond's treatment of his theme is Biblical. He answers the question, What did our Lord and His Apostles actually teach regarding the Last Things? His answer, based on a thorough examination of their words, is in strict agreement with the finding of the Church in all ages; he finds no ground for believing in future probation or in annihilation or in universal restoration. "The Church of Christ in all its branches has been constrained to give that answer, and the vast majority of those who have been most honoured as theologians and as saints in all the Christian ages have felt themselves shut up to the same conclusion, often with trembling and against acutest natural inclination." Certainly Dr. Salmond himself has reached this conclusion in no light-hearted fashion nor with inconsiderable pains. All sources of information have been patiently examined, the opinions of those opposed to his views have a fair hearing, and one of the distinctive features of the volume is the abundant use made of the Jewish Apocalyptic literature to elucidate the utterances of the New Testament.

Professor Salmond's volume is likely to remain for some time the standard work on the subject, and viewed in this light it appears susceptible of improvement in one or two respects. Here and there, and especially in the treatment of our Lord's teaching, greater fulness is desirable. He glides too easily through the difficulties of the eschatological discourse, and in speaking of the picture of the last judgment he might have been expected to discriminate more firmly between reality and figure, and between subjective and objective judgment. It may indeed seem unreasonable to complain of omissions in a book of seven hundred pages. But might not the "Ethnic Preparation" have been greatly compressed? Dr. Salmond is not an expert in Indian, Babylonian, and Egyptian religions as he is in Biblical Theology, and to delay the reader at the outset with 150 pages of matter, which in itself is indeed admirable, but which is not in so full measure required, is to put his worst foot foremost, and to prejudice the whole. It might be wished, too, that he had departed from his old view of the passage in 1 Peter, on which the Descensus ad Infernos is based, but in which he finds no basis for this idea. He defends his position with ability, but not with success. And in his exposure of the errors of conditional immortality he uses one or two expressions which its defenders may justly resent. Such blemishes, however, are trifling, and do not appreciably lessen the value of a most judicious and satisfactory book.

MARCUS DODS.

WANDERING HEATH.*

'Tis a capricious plant, this "Wandering Heath." To follow its erratic growth is to go up hill and down dale, to search by seashore, viâ the village street; and the scent of it must vary in each new trail, since your moods and fancies change so in the following of it. Q's moods, indeed, were never so erratic as those he clusters under the name of the purple plant that, according to his own words, "Wanders only in the West," but that, nevertheless, has sent his invention roving in quite other airts sometimes, and yet "ever turning as it roams," for the best stories are still the Cornish ones. Indeed the others would hardly have been missed.

By this time we know what good things to expect of Q—a fresh air as from the moor or the sea, and tales of simple life, revealing heroism, or tenderness, or humour very effectively, and more rapidly than the stories of almost any other writer to-day. But his first reputation was made by the overflowing farcical comedy of "The Astonishing History of Troy Town." He has other notes to play, some of which may express his ultimate aims better, so we refrain from prophecy, and only say that his sense of fun is still his strongest quality. We have followed "Wandering Heath" in and out, and turning back we linger longest not over such heroic and delicately tender tales as "The Roll-Call of the Reef," or "Visitors at the Gunnel Rock," or "The Bishop of Eucalyptus," but over "The Looe Die-Hards," which keeps friendly company with some delightful chapters in Mr. Hardy's "Trumpet Major," over "Widdershins," and, with a sympathetic twinkle, over the "Letters from Troy." "Widdershins" is pure farce, but perfect of its kind. It turns on the cure of the sad squint of Job Teague. It was his father's mad antics had caused the misfortune, for returning home one night after seeing the gentry dance the Lancers at the Angel, "nothing would do for him but he must have his wife and six children out upon the floor in their night-clothes, practising the Grand Chain, while he sang,

'Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise!'

The seventh child, the babby, they set down in the middle of the floor, like a ninepin. And the worst of it was, the poor mite twisted his eyes so, trying to follow his mammy round and round, that he grew up with a cast from that hour." How he was cured, well, it is about the prettiest bit of farce you are likely to have a chance of laughing over for many a day, and it must not be spoilt by paraphrase or selection. In a weary world all who can tell stories at all, can tell sad ones passably well. But fun is beyond the reach of imitation or effort. And wherever Q's other undoubted talents and his probable ambitions lead him, let him not forget how his rare and kindly gift of merry humour, can ever win from us a ready and grateful welcome.

* "Wandering Heath." Stories, Studies, and Sketches. By Q. 6s. (Cassell.)

A WONDER BOOK.*

Mr. Layard has done what has long been wanted for Maundevile; but till he had done it, it was not easy to say what were the requisites of the edition that was not and should be. Now we know: scholarly and at the same time popular editing, and no notes. A great many errors have survived in the generally available texts, and have even recently been repeated unintelligently. These are here rectified. Then Sir John's English is not plain sailing for readers to-day. It is absurd to limit the enjoyment of a capital story-book by a pedantic repetition of old forms; and it had to be given in a sufficiently familiar style, yet faithful to the real spirit. Maundevile is not easy to modernize, and we congratulate Mr. Layard, and still more ourselves, on the result. We don't suppose for a moment it ever occurred to him to carefully annotate the delightful nonsense of this romancer, seeking conscientiously a basis in fact for the wild statements. Still, it might have occurred to another with less humour, and we are glad that other had not the chance of spoiling this fascinating book.

A very handsome book it is externally, and Mr. Layard's illustrations are generous in number and excellent in quality. Only, they are the illustrations of a modern man with a keen sense of humour, who sees through the whole thing. We don't think Sir John was such a complete wag as to view his work in this way. The Jehan de Bourgogne story, we agree with the editor, must be pooh-poohed. Of course, the good knight did set out from England, and did knock

* "The Marvellous Adventures of Sir John Maundevile, Kt. Being his Voyage and Travel which treateth of the Way to Jerusalem and of the Marvels of Ind with other Islands and Countries." Edited and profusely illustrated by Arthur Layard. With a Preface by John Cameron Grant. (A. Constable.)

about the world a good deal, setting down what he remembered or fancied he remembered, together with all the rumours that had reached him, and finding in the works and words of other travellers and wonder-lovers what would picturesquely fill the gaps. He had no conscience, of course—conscientiousness was not a traditional virtue of travellers. But he has never the air of writing with his tongue in his cheek. Rather, he seems a good garrulous grandfather, with children round him. Children, as all know, demand unhesitating and definite information. Therefore, he satisfies his audience after this fashion: "At Babylon there is a fair Church of our Lady, where she dwelled seven year, when she fled out of the Land of Judea for Dread of King Herod. And there lieth the Body of Saint Barbara the Virgin and Martyr. And there dwelled Joseph, when he was sold by his Brethren. And there made Nebuchadnezzar the King to be put three children into the Furnace of Fire." And when authentic tales for them are exhausted, their unappeased appetite draws us on to invent. So with Sir John, and he was never at a loss. Then the old fellow's unobtrusive piety was probably not at all conventional. One can imagine him devout even to mysticism, and some of the marvellous things he declares he saw are uncommonly like religious visions confounded with actual sights. Such is the Bunyan-like adventure in the Valley of Peril, when he says, "I was more devout then, than ever I was before or after, and all for the Dread of Fiends that I saw in diverse Figures, and also for the great Multitude of dead Bodies that I saw there lying by the Way, by all the Vale, as though there had been a Battle between two Kings the mightiest of the Country, and that the Greater Part had been discomfited and slain."

For the first time we can read this delightful book of imagination and adventure in comfort, and we can think of no better wish for our friends than a long winter evening, an arm-chair, and Sir John for company.

SIR THOMAS MORE.*

A character so extraordinarily attractive and in so significant a position as that of Sir Thomas More was bound to attract many biographers. From the Life published by his son-in-law Roper down to that issued by Father Bridgett subsequently to the "Beatification of Sir Thomas More" in 1886, there has been no lack of interest in the author of the "Utopia." But Mr. Hutton claims, and justly, that there is room for a biography which shall use the material which in recent years has been made available for the fuller understanding of the period of Henry VIII. It is twelve years, he tells us, since he began to study "the life and writings of the great hero of conscience" whom he seeks to commemorate. And the volume now produced carries in itself a testimony to the diligence, zeal, and insight which he has brought to the task. He himself acknowledges that he has found it difficult to be absolutely unbiassed; and it is a question whether a biography does not gain in warmth and charm more than it loses by the partiality of its author. Certainly, if hero-worship is in any case permissible, it may be pardoned in the biographer of "a saint of whom England may still be proud," "one of the first of our fathers to whom rightly belonged the titles of a scholar and a gentleman." More stands out in history because he combines in himself qualities and characteristics which are usually considered to be incompatible; a wit who wears a hair-shirt, a twice-married ascetic, a statesman who is also saint and martyr, a scholar of the Renaissance who was yet torn in heart by the wretchedness of the masses of the people, an upholder of the Papal supremacy, who was yet adored by Protestants not only as an incorruptible judge, but as the truest patriot. The man who had room in himself for the virtues which usually ripen only in seclusion and for those which are developed in public life, a man who was open to every influence of one of the most living and exciting periods of history, and who yet kept his conscience clean and his heart sound, is assuredly no inconsiderable person, but one whose figure ought to be kept prominent, and whose biographer renders a public service.

It is not his place in history, nor his influence upon the course of events, which inscribes the name of Sir Thomas More on the roll of England's worthies. Rather is it his character and his "Utopia." Mr. Hutton seems to overrate his literary importance when he says, "It would not be a mistake to regard him as the founder of modern English literature"; but all will agree when he says, "Most of all, perhaps, he will be remembered as the years go on for his passionate ideal of social progress. So long as men suffer and thinkers search for remedies for human misery and human sin, the author of the 'Utopia' is immortal."

Mr. Hutton's biography cannot fail to command attention and to be read with interest. Only in one or two passages will fuller treatment seem desirable. His dismissal of the suspicion that More's "History of Richard III." may have been the work of Morton is too summary. And certainly his treatment of Foxe's accusation of cruelty is insufficient. It is not on Foxe's testimony nor on Froude's that the belief in More's harshness to heretics is likely to be founded, but on those very papers belonging to the reign of Henry VIII. on which Mr. Hutton bases his book. It is those papers which inform us that Field and Constantine were cruelly treated, and that Tewkesbury was condemned in More's house and burned at Smithfield four days afterwards. And Mr. Hutton's readers would have felt more confidence in his treatment of this matter if, in quoting (p. 220) Sir Thomas More's own defence, he had not omitted the all-important words—"except in sure keeping"—which precede the statement, "I never did cause any such thing to be done to any." It is precisely the needless severity of the "sure keeping" which is in question. Nor does it materially alter our opinion of Mr. Hutton's hero to know that in respect of persecution he was not wholly superior to one of the universal habits of his age. In revising for a second edition blemishes in the printing of Greek and Latin sentences should be removed. Even the title of the "Utopia" is given in quite unintelligible Latin, "digne una" being printed instead of "deque nova." On p. 27 there also occurs a statement which requires alteration.

MARCUS DODS.

* "Sir Thomas More." By William Holden Hutton, B.D., Fellow, Tutor, Precentor, and Librarian of St. John Baptist College, Oxford, etc., etc. (Methuen and Co.)

NOVEL NOTES.

GALLOPING DICK. By H. B. Marriott Watson. (Lane.)

We have seen a suggestion somewhere that this addition to highwaymen literature is an artificial production, that the author, by a great effort, stimulates in himself a relish for such adventure, and is not mastered by the enjoyment of it. If it be so, the artifice is not uncomfortably evident, and we doubt it altogether. Natural spontaneous liking must have gone to the making of Dick, else we should be colder to his mirth, his tricks, and his desperate enterprises. Long ago a clumsy little volume "The Lives of Eminent Highwaymen and Murderers," found its way into our infant hands. It was a fearsome, impressive collection then. Perhaps it would not seem so now for lack just of what Dick's chronicle has in plenty, whatever else it may lack, wit and spirit in the telling. Mr. Marriott Watson has broken into the present solemn vogue of adventure stories with a certain madcap humour which is very enlivening. May it be a light for others to follow! To make his highwayman a practical joker was a quick-witted thing to do, and with the aid of the writer's invention it answers admirably. The meetings with the Bishop and with Old Rowley himself, the two most extravagant chapters in the book, are the best, the most real, far more conceivable, as well as more enjoyable, than the story of the terrible duel in the dark in The Man from Cornwall, or of the tippling of the Chaplain in the Jug. But Dick is better than any of the stories, a credit to his profession, by no means the lowest of humankind, but not a dandified stage villain either. He takes his calling seriously, in the intervals of joking, and has the rough as well as the smooth qualities needful for its successful pursuit. He is a gay rascal, and for our introduction to him on his way to the gallows we owe Mr. Watson our hearty thanks.

PRISONERS OF SILENCE. By Mary A. Dickens. (Osgood and McIlvaine.)

Miss Dickens's novels are all individual and vigorous. This individuality comes from the writer's concentrated study, in each, of an interesting and somewhat difficult

character. They are not one man or one woman books, but you feel all the writer's best force of penetration is expended on some central personage, who is generally worth the trouble, be it said. They are never very agreeable or very lightsome, but you feel brains and moral force working in the books. They are never insignificant, or imitative, or conventional. There are weak spots; the moral passages or characters are too obviously moral. It was so in that clever novel "A Mere Cypher;" it is so in her very best work, "Prisoners of Silence." Branston's renunciation of all that made life worth anything at all to him, the growth of sweetness that sprang up in him in the desert he shared with the woman who had cursed his life, are noble themes, handled with truth and dignity. But the silent man would not have preached as Miss Dickens said he did as soon as he had learned that renunciation and patience were best. And in his earlier character, or rather earlier situation, there is something not very conceivable. A reader guesses the relationship between him and Mrs. Vallotson from the beginning. But apparently he never guessed it. In that case the mysterious dominance of a hard, determined, clever, and not very gracious man like him by a woman who openly disliked and insulted him, is unnatural, at least, highly improbable. He could not have remained so long an inmate of her house. There the story strikes us as weak, nowhere else. In many hands it might have been particularly disagreeable to read of the two lovers who nearly touch the borderland of the prohibited degrees of kindred. It is nothing of the sort; it is a painful tragedy conceived by a writer whose sadness is not wanton but wise and bracing.

IN SEARCH OF QUIET. By Walter Frith. (Smith, Elder.)

In search of quiet the visitor to rustic Thorpe found everything else, but not that. He found excited cricketers, decadent novelists, irascible majors, reckless young ladies, and a medley of plot, romance, and tragedy that kept his heart very busy indeed from May to July. He was a terrible gossip, so everybody confided in him, and when he should have been writing his great legal treatise on "Weights and Measures," he was prying, and interfering, and helping in his neighbours' affairs in the most benevolent way. There was a disagreeable young novelist, whose interest in the Thorpe folks took the form of finding out that they all had histories of their own, which they hid from the world. The Gentleman in Search of Quiet thought that very malicious of him, but like the real old gossip he was, he retold the novelist's dark stories and found new ones too. But then he looked at the weaknesses of his fellows with nothing more severe in his eyes than humour, and played a good Providence to them, very modestly, and so effectively that even the tragedy that the pages contain cannot obscure the genial sunshine that lights up the book.

THE WERE WOLF. By Clemence Housman. Illustrated by Lawrence Housman. 3s. 6d. (John Lane.)

Miss Housman has succeeded where the attempts are numerous to-day and the failures very many. She has retold an old legend, or rather summarised many legends, has made additions of her own, told it so as to pick out from it a modern meaning, and yet has enfeebled it not at all. Her success is very rare. The terrible story of the "Were Wolf" who, in the guise of the beautiful White Fell, fascinates Sweyn, to lead him to his destruction, and who is only foiled by the quick-souled Christian who feels and guesses the horror of their guest, but only saves his brother by his own death, is told with tender feeling, yet with due restraint. Miss Housman's undoubted imagination has been guided by real literary skill. She has been too good an artist to fall into the obvious snare of dropping her story while she pointed her moral. "The Were Wolf" should have a long life, and many successors from the same pen.

A MASTER OF FORTUNE. By Julian Sturgis. 1s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

The romance is very modern in its words, but is set to an old-fashioned tune, a pleasant tune. The weakest point is the hero, whom we never see very clearly as a man, though his story is definite enough. He gave up the heirship to a fortune because he held the money was not all well come-by, or was not held in a responsible enough fashion. Then he went abroad, and worked from the foot of the hill, till he was a man rich enough to pause and look round. In the pause he fell in love with a fascinating lady-stockbroker, and of course she was the girl who had lived in one of his grandfather's shamefully neglected houses, and on whom he had thrust all his remaining money before he went away to seek his fortune. The lady-stockbroker has a temper, but we like her very much; and to gamble in shares does not seem to be any great hindrance to romance.

DEAD MAN'S COURT. By M. H. Hervey. 3s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)

This story is worthy of its title. What need to say more? For if the name calls up visions of murder, robbery, labyrinthine mystery, the lover of sensation will not be disappointed. It is made after an old and long-approved model. A rich young man disappears; is found murdered; his cousin plays detective, and falls in love with a beautiful girl, somehow connected with the murderer. Out of this familiar imbroglio Mr. Hervey finds a satisfactory sortie. As everyone guesses, the lovely and virtuous Inez is not a daughter of the villain at all, but in every way fitting to adorn the paradise at Twickenham to which her husband leads her. But to tell the story crudely is to do it injustice. There are plots within plots most ingeniously designed to allay the tedium of a railway journey, or any other occasion when the writer's minor journalist style and vocabulary—our old friends of the daily prints, "matutinal" and "post-prandial," and most of their kin, are here of course—will not irritate at all.

A PITIFUL PASSION. By Ella Macmahon. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Miss Macmahon is a clever writer already. But she has to learn, and she will learn, how to save herself and her wits. There is a great deal of observation, criticism and satire here which are very far from being worthless, and which yet do not add one little bit to the effectiveness of the story. They have the look of padding, and they are much too good for padding. The same could be said of her former novel "A New Note," though not of that much more deftly written one, "A Modern Man." But the present work is the most interesting of the three. With the history of the wretched Georgie better people are connected who really interest us. The story has its sordid sides, but there is a dignified handling of painful things in it which is far more of a relief to a reader than the writer's rather jerky attempts at humorous variety.

THE WRONG MAN. By D. Gerard. (Blackwood.)

The writer, Madame Longard de Longgarde, to give her less familiar name, has written powerful novels before now, but never a truer tale than this of an unlucky man. Stepan Milnovics is a personage, a living character whom we are sorry for, and feel with many a time; but it is his fate that interests us most, the fate that dogs a promising career, wages successful war with it, and is a greater, more convincing personage still. Lieutenant Milnovics, a man of brains and power, was hurt in a stupid duel, and so injured that his military career was over. He came back to his wretchedly poor peasant family, and became a schoolmaster. He fell in love with the Lady of the Manor, and she did not scorn him. But he had to surrender her to one who was handsomer, and stronger, and richer, and therefore lighter-hearted than he. And that darling of Fortune was the man who had maimed him for life. It is a grim story, but the relief in it comes from the unlucky man himself, and his bold recognition of the laws of the world and of fortune. Yet he had to struggle hard to come to the fatalism of his peasant kindred. Their welcome of Radford, the man who had fought with Stepan, when he came in a fit of terrible remorse to meet their reproaches, and to offer any reparation they would demand, is the finest scene in the book. "It may amuse you to call yourself the cause of his misfortune, but you are really nothing at all, nothing but an inert mass in the hand of—whoever settles our fates," says one. "My belief is that things generally are best as they are," says another. "I have long ago given up being indignant with anybody or anything," says a third. "It has been so ordained by *Him*," says the father . . . . "Perfect peace lives through everything." The resignation, sweet, cynical, hopeless, or fatalistic, did not kill Radford's remorse, or his desire to expiate. His offers of reparation were of the clumsiest, but so genuine that we forgive him

his crime and his good luck; though we rebel against fortune's decrees enough to forget him rather sooner than we do the maimed schoolmaster, the lonely "wrong man."

MARRIED OR SINGLE. B. M. Croker. 3 vols. (Chatto.)

Madeline West, whose once wealthy father had disappeared, married a very good and clever young man, just less poor than herself, and through poverty, hardship, and sickness they were happy. Then the father comes home with millions, and Madeline, fearing his anger, does not tell about her marriage. She prefers to leave her husband and child, and live in luxury as an unmarried heiress. But one night she rushes in white satin dancing shoes to the bed-side of her child to find him dead. Altogether, at that time, her record is that of a wicked, vulgar little cad. At last the father is told the story—after he has learned to approve of his son-in-law. The husband forgives his erring Madeline, and we are asked to believe that the young people lived happy ever after. But we don't believe it. The human nature in the book is wrong from beginning to end. In the early pages there is a ridiculous slandering of school-girls, who, silly little idiots many a time, are not, taken in the lump, altogether, mean, or jealous, or immoderately selfish. But if you can get over the utterly false psychology, the bare outline of the tale as given here will show you that there is incident enough to make a lively story.

FREDERICK. By L. B. Walford. 3s. (Smith, Elder.)

To read "Frederick" is to take a holiday among fresh sweet fields, for though there is a villain, and there are a few sneering people that have to be met and put up with, they are in a hopeless minority, and they take hardly anyone in. Our only complaint is that we have not quite enough of Frederick, and one reader has had to go back a second time to the chapter which describes the morning when the hero got up early as a preliminary to extensive reform. He is a living and most loveable creation, and when the rector of the parish declares that he hopes the idle, aimless, eccentric Frederick "will never be disciplined into anything else," we are ready to sign the thirty-nine articles or more, on the spot.

THE C MAJOR OF LIFE. By Havering Bowcher 3s. 6d. (E. Mathews.)

There is a great deal of eloquent theory and reflection in Mr. Bowcher's novel, more than enough to damage it as a story. The surprising thing is that some of it is exceedingly good, for we are accustomed to find even the most commonplace narrative better than the generalisations wrapped about it. Indeed, if one is to finish "The C Major of Life," at all, it must be for the writer's occasional width and truth of vision, expressed, undramatically, by the mouth of all and sundry of his characters. But then again his eloquence is apt to run away with him, and the reflection becomes mere bunkum and tawdry sentiment. So that the book has but a perilous chance of patient reading. One of the characters, however—they are nearly all out of the way, and would be remarkable if they were alive—Arnold, the musician, helps manfully to sustain the interest; in the making of his overbearing, forcible character the writer shows a power which one day may shine out more clearly than it does in "The C Major of Life."

THE SPHINX OF EAGLESHAWK. By Rolf Boldrewood. (Macmillan.)

There are romantic episodes in this story of the gold-diggings, but the most romantic of all, the abduction of a proud young beauty, is described in a brief, dry, and dull fashion. On the other hand, the discussion of society in the gold-digging settlement, as to whether the "Sphinx of Eagleshawk," otherwise the beautiful and mysterious barmaid at the "Charles Napier," is a "lady" or not, is reported faithfully, lengthily, but not at all amusingly. The sphinx was only a virtuous young Englishwoman, who for excellent domestic reasons chose to earn money in a gold-digger's bar. She eventually made a most advisable marriage with a young man who had turned water carrier when down on his luck, but who became Sir Guy in due course. In spite of her enterprise and abduction, and her persecutions by the villain with the Spanish name, and her final genteel prosperity, it is difficult for a moment to take the least interest in her or any of her associates, plebeian or aristocratic. This is one more addition to dull Australian fiction.

MARJORIE DUDINGSTOUNE. A Tale of Old St. Andrews. By W. F. Collier, LL.D. Second Edition. 3s. 6d. (Oliphant.)

We have read this story many times before in different volumes of different dates. It is so old a favourite that it surely must be good. How well one knows the rich, ambitious burgess with the beautiful daughter, the two suitors, one well-born, darkly handsome, worldly, passionate and wicked, the other of humble station, but of exalted principles and virtues! The rich burgess will have nothing to do with the low-born hero, and the beautiful daughter waits patiently till his worthiness is made manifest, which comes to pass in due time. Variations to the main plot (not unfamiliar however), are provided by the heroine's consistent rudeness to the handsome, high-born suitor, by the virtuous lover's having Protestant tendencies and being mildly persecuted therefor—it is a pre-Reformation story—and by the machinations of a witch with a love-philtre. All this makes a very nice tale, so remote from life, ancient or modern, that it may be put into the hands of the most innocent child. It is very informing, as might be expected from its learned author. Indeed, it has taken us pleasantly back to the days of our youth, when we dodged the dates and facts in Dr. Collier's historical manuals to get at the picturesque or the sentimental passages, which he was far more skilful in making room for than are the writers of more recent school text-books. Now, in his romance, it is the story we dodge, and fix on such suggestive words as bonspiel, bowyer, and pavin, and the others out of his large mediæval and historical vocabulary, in the hope that, as romance has grown stale, the appetite for solid instruction may have arrived.

THE KING OF ANDAMAN. By J. Maclaren Cobban. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mr. Cobban has chosen as his hero a romantic idealist, and he has set him down in the town whose reputation for shrewdness and hard practical qualities is greater than that of any other in these isles—for it is not difficult for Scots to identify Inverdoon. That hero is a weaver, but he is also the Master of Hutcheon, and sticks to the title, though it was forfeited by his forbears in the '45. His dignity, however, he only makes use of to overawe those who would oppress his poor neighbours, whose fellow-workman he had long been, but for whom he feels the responsibility of a chieftain. A fortune is left him, and with it he means to sail for Andaman, tales of whose sunny climate have impressed his imagination, and settle there with his poverty-stricken folk. He is very gullible, and the practical jokes played on him, during the preparation for the expedition, by the villain Fergus O'Rhea, have unfortunate results, first on the Master, and finally on the villain himself. But Hutcheon sails away after all, and perhaps we shall hear some day how his philanthropic scheme of colonising Andaman with northern weavers turned out. We never feel the story very real, but there are portions of it that are very powerful—pictures of Scottish Chartism, for instance, and the contrast between the idealist Master, the clever scoundrel O'Rhea, and the crafty bargain-driving Frenchman Lepine.

THE ROMANCE OF JUDGE KETCHUM. By H. A. Vachell. (Bentley.)

The events that led to the notary public of Hard Scratch, U.S.A., becoming the Earl of Tantallon make a very good story, and as the Earl is the genial kind of man we can all get on with excellently, we regret that early indiscretion of his which cut short his enjoyment of the British peerage. For he did enjoy it, in spite of the drawback of having "ter be on deck all the time." His daughter Samantha is a fine free-born soul, who is quite a match for the smooth villain of the piece, Carrick-Fergus. In the culminating scene, where he is unmasked, she drops her fine English and speaks her native tongne with vigour. "You have got badly left, Mr. Smarty. You are 'in the soup,' as we say, in the States—head over heels." And so saying she bore her fair person and her millions away. We like all the good people in the story, and dislike the bad, and this is just as it should be.

THE KING OF ALBERIA. By Laura Daintrey. 6s. (Methuen.)

"Day spilt his life-blood in the reddened west." So begins this "romance of the Balkans," and it continues too much in the same style. But it is only the occasional exaggeration of the romantic language we complain of, for the story demands a far other than everyday style, and sometimes Miss Daintrey hits on the due amount of fervour with great accuracy. We recommend "The King of Alberia" as a readable, indeed a touching story. Waldemar, like all very good kings in fiction and poetry, wearies us now and again; but it would be a cold heart that could not kindle at the tale of his faithful love. And the plots that are woven about him, the cunning and the passionate persons that live their lives in his neighbourhood, the women, good and bad, that love him ideally, selfishly, or humbly, and the wild country in which the scenes are laid, combine to make a stirring, impressive, and picturesque romance.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE RISE OF WELLINGTON. By Lord Roberts. (Pall Mall Magazine Publishing Co., 1895.)

This is one of the "patriotic" series in course of publication in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. Military history is so largely written nowadays by civilians that it is refreshing to find professional soldiers coming forward once more to chronicle the deeds of their predecessors in the art. As being written by a soldier we are extremely glad to welcome this the latest life of Wellington. At the same time it would be idle to pretend that this book is altogether a success. The first requisite of a successful monograph on Wellington is a clear account of his Peninsular campaigns. Unless the main outlines, the hinges as it were, are set very plainly before the reader's mind, the whole struggle seems merely a series of aimless marches and battles fought at random. The work before us fails to give the average reader aught save rather a misty impression of Wellington's movements, of his numerous advances into Spain, so soon and so often followed by retreat. Exception, too, may be taken to the narrative of the Waterloo campaign. Lord Roberts holds that Napoleon's strategy was at fault when he decided to adopt a central line of operations against the allies, and that a flank movement by way of Ostend would have been a sounder scheme. This *dictum* runs counter, we need hardly say, to the mature opinion of well-nigh every military writer, be he soldier or civilian. No hint is given to the reader that had Ney done his duty at Quatre Bras, Wellington could scarcely have escaped disaster, and no stress is laid on the mishandling of Reille's corps—though it was of more importance than any other single incident in the campaign. Lord Roberts' summing up is, however, distinctly interesting—". . . a study of Wellington's life and writings leads me to the conclusion that he has been somewhat overrated as a man, and greatly underrated as a commander." . . . "The place I should be inclined to assign to Wellington as a general would be one in the very first rank—equal if not superior to Napoleon." As to Wellington's character, many instances are adduced in these pages to show that he was far from disinterested, and on most occasions emphatically ungrateful; he rarely did more than bare justice to his subordinates. Whether his military genius was the equal of Napoleon's, we must leave for every one to decide for himself; but the proposition does not seem to us tenable. For the rest this book is interesting, and contains much sound doctrine; only, it is not very impressive or novel.

POST MERIDIANA. Afternoon Essays. By Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart. (Blackwood.)

The title demands a little explanation. The essays are not meant to keep you awake during the sleepiest part of the day, but have received their name because their author feels that the shadows of the afternoon of life begin to fall on his reflections. It is only justice to say this, for the other suggestion would rouse against them the ill-tempered remarks of disappointment. They are mild and somewhat lengthy disquisitions on "Clothes" and "Games," on "The Conduct of Friendship," "The Craving for Fiction," and so forth, mostly breathing opinions that are generally received as correct, illustrated by a good deal of ancient learning and modern social instances which slip harmlessly from the memory. One cannot but turn to the essay on "Bores" with some curiosity. It lasts from p. 115 to p. 145, it gives a great many people's definitions of, and tries to classify, the malignant species; and we fear it illustrates, as a whole, some of its own admirable remarks. But we own to meeting gleams of shrewdness, gentlemanly worldly wisdom, very nice feeling, here and elsewhere; and when Sir Herbert gets on "Salmon Fishing" he interests some that are not anglers. In any case we feel grateful to him for attempting to revive a too much neglected form of expression.

VERSES, WISE OR OTHERWISE. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. (Cassell.)

None of them are—"otherwise," though a few may be just a little imprudent in showing their humble, careless dress amidst the general good company. Miss Fowler has always aimed at what she could reach, and if there be no very loftily inspired verses in her book, there is not a frivolously purposeless stanza, nor any that are affected in sentiment or manner. To read through the volume is to get swift glances of a healthy, cordial, simple nature, looking out at the world with interest, affection, and humour. And at the end one comes back to the first piece, "The Wisdom of Folly," which as aptly as it does pleasantly sums up Miss Fowler's philosophy.

> "The cynics say that every rose
> Is guarded by a thorn which grows
> To spoil our posies;
> But I no pleasure therefore lack;
> I keep my hands behind my back
> When smelling roses."

That is only Wise Folly's first illustration. The others are no less happy.

THE HISTORY OF SUFFOLK. By the Rev. John James Raven, D.D. Popular County Histories Series. 1895. (Elliot Stock.)

If one wanted a map of Suffolk, and the map-seller insisted that you must take a map of England, or Europe, or even the whole world, otherwise you would never know the lie of Ipswich to London, or Rome, or the North Pole, you would leave his shop hurriedly, and confound him for a blockhead. We would not confound Dr Raven for or with a blockhead; but if only he had assumed some slight acquaintance on the part of his readers, even Suffolk readers, with the broad outlines of English history, he might have saved page upon page of extraneous irrelevant matter, and found room for a like amount of native, essential fact. Suffolk, like the needy knife-grinder, has no history; one could quite well write a History of England with not six allusions to Suffolk. Yet here we get a flowing narrative, which reminds us of nothing so much as of that Berwickshire minister who, in search of a theme, applied to David Hume for a suggestion. Hume suggested a "Life of Crœsus," and he wrote one in four volumes. But if Suffolk has no consecutive history, it has a wealth of fragmentary annals, of interesting memories, of antique lore. The rise, and, too often, the fall of its great families, the castles and halls that they dwelt in, the stately churches and monasteries they founded, the leading part it played in the colonisation of the New England settlements, its once flourishing clothing industry, its witch persecutions, the unique "Journal" of the iconoclast, William Dowsing, its surviving dark superstitions, its vast smuggling trade in last century, its long roll of worthies, second to that of few English counties—there were these and a score more topics: Dr. Raven has merely glanced at or, not seldom, wholly ignored them. There are interesting jottings to be found here and there in his volume, as of the man-fish taken at Oxford in 1180, of the "orible & abhomynable dedis" done at Earl Soham in the days of Jack Cade, and from the very curious diary (1693-1729) Mr. William Coe, of Mildenhall. But for one thing Dr. Raven has included it were easy to point out a dozen things omitted; and even what he does give us is vitiated too often by such

singular blunders as that "Ipswich Grammar School occupies the site of the Dominican friary." The old grammar school occupied not merely the site, but the actual refectory of the friary (its roof has found its way to a Wiltshire church); the present grammar school, as everyone who at all knows Ipswich should know, was built forty-four years ago on a site a good mile from Foundation Street.

SOME MEMORIES OF PARIS. By F. Adolphus. (Blackwood.)

This is a very different book from those in which Mr. Vandam tells his recollections, and it is not likely to have half the success. Some of its best points tell against its popularity. There is no scandal, and there are no uncharitable judgments, though much covert hostility to a great deal in modern Paris. The writer dislikes and fears broad or sharp statements. He loves to philosophise about what he has seen, to refine, to modify; and many of the pictures in his book are blurred and weak merely from over-conscientiousness. Not those of the Siege and the Commune, however. These incidents stirred him, and he has written vividly and unhesitatingly of them. Then, in such a chapter as "Indoor Life," though at every other paragraph he warns you to beware of generalisations, or of bald conceptions of how Monsieur and Madame spend their time at home, the very cautiousness of his remarks is suggestive, and probably we know a little more of our neighbours by being driven to the conclusion that we really know nothing at all. Mr. Adolphus is not a good popular guide; and the chapter in which he describes his struggles to make the late M. Worth reveal to him the "great principles which govern the action of dress in the constitution of feminine temperaments and the guidance of feminine conduct," and M. Worth's struggles to make out what his interviewer was driving at, is unintentionally one of the most amusing instances ever recorded of self-caricature. It should be said that Mr. Adolphus can make us feel the atmosphere of a scene, and even a scene of gaiety. He does so with remarkable success in his chapter on "The Opera."

GEORGE CHAPMAN. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by W. L. Phelps. Mermaid Series. Best Plays of the Old Dramatists. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

This English issue of an American edition of Chapman is serviceable. Mr. Phelps is a sensible editor. He holds, with some reason, that he has given "the only comfortably readable text." By that he means he has modernised the spelling, and the punctuation has been made to aid the sense, and stage directions have been added. The text is taken from Pearson's. If Chapman is to be read at all save by learned persons, these things were necessary. Notes there are none save explanations, sometimes superfluous, of a very few obsolete words. Then the introductory essay is serviceable, though it will not satisfy a Chapman enthusiast. And one or two comments in it we can hardly let pass. Had Chapman a "misty intellect"? The occasional "impediment in his speech" we have to grant. Then there are some conventional phrases used by Mr. Phelps, such as "lacking human sympathy," which will alarm a newcomer to his works, and must astonish an old lover. It is a grudging estimate, and in a popular edition this is always a mistake. Mr. Phelps says it was difficult to select the best plays. He has done wisely in giving the two Bussy D'Ambois and the two Byron tragedies, and "All Fools." Some may think "Cæsar and Pompey" should have been included, and some will certainly feel regret for the absence of "The Gentleman Usher," but there are indeed *longueurs* in both. Perhaps with a man like Chapman it is a pity the plan of the series forbids the inclusion of selections. But there is enough to let new readers judge whether this poet's work be to their liking. His manners they may well find fault with, for they are noisy. And it is easy to tell his faults, and to say he was a dramatist merely by the accident of his age. They may dislike him for his temperament, or for finnicking literary reasons, but not because he is out of date. He had a kingly mind, and he ruled and surveyed many ages. He is one of the most mentally stimulating of all our poets. He leads where many have followed timidly since his day. There is greatness in his voice, and it utters deep and subtle things. Chapman's lovers, even those hampered by the slipperiest of memories, keep his lines in sight because of the imaginative radiance of their thought. "Man is a torch borne in the wind"; "The errant wilderness of a woman's face"; "The endless exile of deadmen"; "Policy is but a guard corrupted"—even such scraps as these that rise idly to one's tongue, give a hint of the reach of his thought, and the pathos of his outlook on the world. "Lacking human sympathy," indeed!

WOLFE. By A. G. Bradley. English Men of Action Series. (Macmillan, 1895.)

This is a model of what a short military biography should be. It is clear, vivid, and written by a man completely interested in his subject. In many places it breaks new ground. Every one knows that Wolfe took Quebec—few are aware that he was present at Dettingen, at Culloden, and at Lauffeld. So striking and dramatic was the crowning episode of his life that it completely effaces his earlier career. Yet that career was one of continuous action and honourable service. Throughout his earlier life Wolfe was engaged in arduous and unintermitted efforts to fit himself for the supreme command that he felt confident would one day be his. Indeed, in the patient study which he devoted to his profession Wolfe closely recalls the great Turenne. Each stage in his life is set forth in the book before us as fully as the space at disposal will allow. The man is put before us as he really was, an ardent and splendid soldier of the very highest qualities, for ever battling with ill-health and weakness. The episode that consecrated and finished his life is dealt with at length. After a masterly sketch of the social conditions then prevailing in North America, Mr. Bradley relates the story of the siege of Louisburg, then the Dunkirk of the New World, now nothing "but grassy mounds and moss-grown heaps of masonry." This successful enterprise wherein Wolfe, though only a subordinate, had a principal share, led next year to the more difficult task of Quebec. While not forgetting that Montcalm had to suffer from apathy at home and corruption in Canada, it must also be borne in mind that Wolfe was much outnumbered by his antagonist; and this fact certainly increased the natural difficulties with which he had to contend. Indeed, to any one less gifted and less persevering than Wolfe the task would have been hopeless. Every way into Quebec was carefully guarded, and Wolfe lay before the city for over two months ere he decided on the desperate expedient of scaling the Heights of Abraham. It was a last throw, and Wolfe was anything but confident of the result. Indeed, only the excellent quality of the troops under him induced him to make the attempt.

To that attempt and its successful issue Mr. Bradley does full justice; nor is he grudging of his praise to the gallant and luckless Montcalm. His estimate of Wolfe seems to us apposite—"To speak of Wolfe merely as a promising leader cut off in his prime would be altogether too trite and too conventional; the promise with him had been already fulfilled, for in every branch of a soldier's duty, in peace and in war, he had shown the highest capacity." Altogether this is one of the best volumes of a good series.

SILENT GODS AND SUN-STEEPED LANDS. By R. W. Frazer. Illustrated. (Unwin.)

The stories that the Anglo-Indian hardly ever hears; the religious feelings, the poetry that no imported creeds, no new material civilisation, no servility to the powers that be, can kill; the inner side of the mysterious land of India, are suggested and shadowed in these seven brief tales. "The Cry from the River," "The Dream of Life," "The Tailless Tiger," take you away to a wonderland, intoxicate you subtly, and your waking again to the world as it appears in these northern latitudes, is a disappointment. Mr. Frazer is poet enough to write such tales without spoiling one; he has made no incongruous Western reflections, and we hope his store of legend is not exhausted.

THE WILD FOWL AND SEA FOWL OF GREAT BRITAIN. By a Son of the Marshes. Edited by J. A. Owen. Illustrated by Bryan Hook. 14s. (Chapman and Hall.)

This is not a complete treatise. It is a series of notes of first-hand observations by moor, and marsh, and coast, with some quaint anecdotes the naturalist has picked up in the course of his studious wanderings. There is hardly any of the fine writing which characterises the other books in

which "A Son of the Marshes" and Mrs. Owen have collaborated, and we do not regret the omission. This one is not dry—for the right readers, of course, who will find much help in identification, and a good deal of curious matter which it will be delightful to test. The book is a useful supplement to other works of the kind, and will explode a good many errors that are repeated time after time in text books. Then Mr. Bryan Hook's birds are birds. The combination of naturalist and artist is necessary if any work of the kind is to be intelligently illustrated.

IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY. By Cosmo Monkhouse. (Innes.)

This book comes to fill a very extraordinary gap. There are handbooks to the National Gallery, good ones. And there are histories of painting, and learned treatises on different schools. But a book simple enough to be read by an intelligent beginner in the study of art, yet accurate enough for even a long lover of pictures to refer to with profit, a book that aims at giving a general survey of the subject, with close and sympathetic reference to certain details, did not before exist. It should be said that only Italian art is dealt with here, and, indeed, that is quite enough for Mr. Monkhouse's space. What it did, and meant, and how it was inspired, and where it mostly dwelt, when it soared, and when its wings were clipped, these things are told in picturesque and delightful fashion, and illustrated by twenty-four pictures, very passably reproduced from photographs. But the book will not serve its purpose unless every chapter of it leads a reader to look again at our very beautiful, very distinguished, national collection. We may have two opinions about some of Mr. Monkhouse's judgments, but he is a good guide; he tells us how to look at pictures, connects our own scanty knowledge, supplements it, shows us the lie of the great land of Italian art, not like a map-maker, but as one who has been a happy traveller on all its high roads and byeways.

REYNARD THE FOX. Edited with Introduction and Notes. By Joseph Jacobs. Illustrated by W. F. Calderon. Cranford Series. 6s. (Macmillan.)

This version has been written for children, but we confess that we read it with a good deal more pleasure than we have read other versions not prepared for such an audience. The cheery worldly cynicism and the sprightly fun have been preserved safely. It is not Mr. Jacob's, as he owns freely; he found it ready to hand in Sir Henry's Cole's translation, which he has only altered here and there. His introductory essay does not contain a very complete account of the many other versions, but, what is better, it is a very readable and very probable exposition of how the legend grew, and how it gained its influence over the imagination and the vocabularies of the people of Europe. Mr. Jacob promises a more elaborate treatment of the subject in a volume of Mr. Nutt's "Bibliothèque de Carabas." The pictures here are lively, humorous, and unconventional.

LONDON CITY CHURCHES. By A. E. Daniell. With illustrations by L. Martin. (A. Constable.)

This is a very handy book. It is written for the curious visitor rather than the student of architecture, and ministers to historical interests even more than æsthetic ones. This is, of course, inevitable in any kind of complete guide, for London City Churches are not all things of beauty, whether Wren built them or not, but there is hardly one without some civic, or historical, or literary association. It is a book for reference, or a handbook for use on the spot, and we hope stalls and windows will display it well to the eyes of visitors to London. For, of course, it is to them it is addressed. No Londoner has ever time to see London in this way, and this being so, would it not have been a good idea to have inserted a small map giving the lie of all the churches? Anyone will guide a stranger to Madame Tussaud's, but what passing Londoner will tell him where to find St. Michael Paternoster Royal, or even the street where it is to be found.

NORTH-WEST FRANCE (Normandy and Brittany). By Augustus J. C. Hare. 10s. 6d. (George Allen.)

This is the kind of guide-book that gives us a pang, because we did not possess it on certain occasions when we were greedy of information, and Baedeker left something to be desired. It is a book of stories as well as of statistics, of personal impressions as well as of guidance to hotels. Where we cannot test its accuracy, and the extent of its information, it is very readable; where we can, we have been astonished at its reliability and variety. One may dissent from Mr. Hare on matters of opinion. Even a maker of guide-books must have his moods, which are expressed in partial praise or blame; but if we have been lively in a town he calls dull, there is no great harm, especially, as in the case of the very charming Vannes, he goes on to contradict himself by a string of interesting descriptions. It is best perhaps not to take Mr. Hare as an infallible architectural guide. We should like occasionally to shift his adjectives about. But he would let us miss very little that is of real interest, though some of his comments on Breton villages read as if they were made from hearsay only. He has a fine capacity for indignation, always rightly bestowed, and never more so than with respect to the market at the back of Saint-Pierre of Caen. He might spare a little for the state of the beautiful towns of Caudebec and Lisieux; but perhaps he thinks attention to it would spell restoration.

THE PRINCIPLES OF ART as Illustrated by Examples in the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield, with passages, by permission, from the writings of John Ruskin. Compiled by W. White. (G. Allen.)

Here we have a very bulky work, very praiseworthy in intention, but of a kind to frighten away the faint-hearted by its ponderousness, and to irritate extremely those with daring enough to open its pages. To give it its due, it contains much information on the Italian schools of painting, on architecture, and much else; and as it has a great deal of Mr. Ruskin's writing in it, there are, therefore, portions very good to read. But Mr. White has not contented himself with writing a guide-book to the museum; he has made the museum the local habitation of a gospel, and Mr. Ruskin its prophet, and not a breath of wholesome independent criticism blows anywhere. The air is close and enervating, the attitude the book represents, abject and unintelligent. Why do not Mr. Ruskin's followers imitate his magnificent, fearless independence? Mr. Ruskin is a great man, and a great writer, and a true lover, a skilful revealer of beauty. But he is not "the most discriminating . . . critic of this, or any previous age." The reverence he inspires would be more attractive if it were less servile. And what is an "Art-prophet"? We earnestly advise readers to skip the preface. After that there is much that can be dipped into with pleasure. But the illustrations are very scanty to represent so much talk. The reproduction of a dozen masterpieces might have reduced the book one half in bulk, for the sight of them would be more convincing than any exposition.

TAFILET. By Walter B. Harris. Illustrated. (Blackwood.)

When about half way through Mr. Harris's account of his journey of exploration in the Atlas Mountains and the oasis of the North-West Sahara, we were conscious of some disappointment. It was interesting; then why were we not enjoying it more? Suddenly we called to mind that we had once travelled in Morocco before, under the escort of Pierre Loti, and that his marvellously subtle power of bringing the atmosphere of an unfamiliar place all about you, of giving you dreams of what you will never see and will never forget, was haunting us; and the words and the information of any other traveller over the same ground (well, not quite the same) broke into this recollection discordantly. As soon as we discovered the reason of our disappointment, we shook ourselves free from the yoke of Loti's poetry, and from that moment Mr. Harris had his chance. True, his narrative is just a little too unattractive. But for actual information of how he made a difficult and dangerous journey to the camp of the late Sultan at Tafilet, of the state of Morocco two years ago, of the relation of the different tribes to each other, the conditions under which the people live, and a good deal else, it is a very interesting book, straightforward, businesslike, and with many suggestions to European travellers who may be caught by the strange fascination which North Africa has for some of them. But, doubtless, not many will be found eager to test the Sultan's hospitality when he is in camp, after Mr. Harris's narrative in Chapter X.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

REGULATIONS FOR YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

1. *All MSS. must bear the real name and address of the writer, and also initials or* nom de plume *for designation in* THE BOOKMAN. *(An infringement of this regulation is the frequent cause of the delay in noticing MSS. that are sent.)*

2. *Should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.*

3 *MSS. received on or before the 15th of the month will be noticed, if possible, in the next number.*

4. *Not more than one contribution may be sent by any one contributor in one month.*

5. *The terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application to the*

Editor of the Young Author's Page,
'Bookman' Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London,

to whom all MSS. must be addressed.

The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

A. F. R.—If intended for a school or college magazine your beginning is all right. Otherwise, it seems useless. The incident is amusing, but a little heavy in your version. Couldn't you give it a less literal form? *Dramatis personæ*—the Poet (wandering in the mountains), the pig-driver and the pig. No introduction. No epilogue.

JEAN ANCHINDACHY.—I like the idea in the first version much better. But you must omit a line—say l. 12. And the last line won't do. There is a bad mistake in grammar in it. "Mine angel, not myself, was there enshrined," is a rough rendering of your meaning.

BRITTANY.—(1) It depends whether your relations with him are friendly or not. (2) It would be unusual in the case of an unknown writer.

CARABINIER.—Good in many ways. You make points. Renan made some of them, but your views have evidently been independently formed. I wish a religious paper would take it, but I have my doubts. Offer it, however, with a plea to the editor for impartiality. I should omit some things—references to *Punch*, for instance, and the difficulty about the child being lost for three days—a detail, after all. It is well written, and might be suggestive to those who have never faced the matters you speak of. But, of course, it is no answer at all to the query that suggested it.

E. K. D.—There is no question, I should think, of your story being accepted. Any of the dozen or so organs of the exhilarating sport—for names look at the bookstalls—would be delighted to have it. It is fresh, lively, and brief. I wish you had made the heroine a little less slangy, on p. 1, but not less breezy.

E. P. H.—I read to the last page, hoping you would come to the subject suggested in the title. At the last line I began to think you had been speaking of it all the time. The critic was dull, but the "young author" was to blame, too, and if it got printed and read, the only comment on it would be, "What is it all about?" Clear your thoughts and make a plan, for it is very difficult to be discursive and coherent.

FIDDLER.—I am quite sure the feeling that set you scribbling the verses was genuine. But genuine feeling is not enough. It is a rhapsody you have written, but not a poetical one. The musician excited you, and you tumbled out any high-flown words that came handy in praise of him. Try to do him better honour, but not in verse.

C. GERMAN.—The matter is very fairly good. You could do something with it. And there is merit in your character-drawing. But you render it very difficult for anyone to read your story by making the beginning so dull. The only hope would be to plunge into the story of Stephen abruptly, and cut down all the conversation by a half. The whole MS. should be weeded, and if you are interested in the subject, the weeding and brightening would be a good exercise. But as to your general question, I cannot say. Five or six years later it would be easier to tell.

H. M. H.—There is something in your story, but as a whole it is ineffective. You call it—disclosing the title doesn't matter, I hope—"A Day in a Life,"—but you do not make one realize an hour of it. A picture of one of the hero's struggles, a scene disclosing the dulness of his work, and his mean environment in the office, a vivid description of what love amid the footlights was to his starved being, might have made him live. He doesn't live; but all the same one doesn't see why he is made to die. The MS. is not worthless, but it is a little weak.

JACTATUS.—You can make no use of the lines. Why did you attempt to write the tale in verse? Do you like the sound of—"In case infection multiply, The child in a room apart did lie," or any other of the lines?

J. M. A.—Very good for your age, even precocious. But though an ingenious means of getting a fresh criticism, it is not a very happy way, I think. The bad modern habit in fiction you allude to has not yet invaded the kind of stories that came in your critic's way.

M P.—A touching theme. I believe you could deal with it better in prose than in verse, for your words have some vigour in them, though there is no line of poetry in the piece. I don't think this is the kind of verse that magazines accept.

MARAH.—A pleasantly told tale. I don't think you need fear continued want of success. You can write; but I don't praise the story itself very much. At least, startling coincidences in fiction are out of fashion. Be a little more fastidious in inventing and choosing your plots, and I think you will get on. Considering the disadvantage you speak of, the writing is creditable to you in a high degree.

MAURICE MORRIS.—The story wants briskness. Even a sad story needs some lively qualities. A good deal might be omitted, the definition of a sigh, for instance, on p. 5, and other things of the same kind. But it is carefully written, and the feeling in it is sincere. Send it to a temperance paper.

MEDINA.—A creditable translation. There is a little demand for such work, not much. And of course you have to arrange with publishers about rights. Please take it as a friendly hint to send only clean MSS. to editors.

N'IMPORTE.—It is a simple enough subject, but many of the lines I can't understand. Don't transcribe literally your excited feelings, else confusion will be the result. Use such words as will aptly convey the impression o your excitement or the reason of it. And if you adopt a particular form of verse, stick to the rules of it. Cultivate as a poet the pride in workmanship which one expects of a good carpenter.

NOMAD DENIGER.—If it were more agreeable it would have a better chance of success. But there is power in it. I should say its worst fault was monotony. The villain, or the groom, or the lady, or the peasant woman, should be brought more vividly before us. They appear behind a grey mist. We see what happens; we never see the actors.

SHAMUS O'TAY.—You have learnt something of the craft of writing. But I cannot judge from this how you would do in journalism. The paper is very lengthy, and lengthiness won't do for newspapers now; but then I remember the purpose it was written for. The matter is rather conventional, prosy, and prim, with variations of cheap satire. The pictures on pp. 7 and 9 are most obviously not drawn from life—in fact, show just the qualities that journalism of the better kind should not have. But in describing things you had actually seen you might do better.

R. A. F. G.—There is a thought in the lines. I think it would be better to give a more regular form to such a scrap of verse as this. It is not musical as it stands, nor are the words and images very remarkable. Everything, therefore, depends on the thought, which, unless illuminated by a gleam of poetry, might have been as well expressed in prose.

R. H. T.—Instead of criticising your own verses, which I could not do encouragingly, I advise you to take a few good lyrics, and find out for yourself what makes them pleasant to read. Read them aloud, scan them, examine their words and images, find out how they make you see much in a single flash. And after that, you will either write no more verse, or much better verse. At all events, you will have learnt and enjoyed something.

REST.—Middling as a story, rather feeble in fact. But golfers would like it, and it would suggest to non-golfing persons an interesting use for the implements of the game.

SOPHIA.—(1) There is no new suggestion made on an old subject, and the verse is weak. (2) Poor. Read in the rhythm of the context, you almost suppress "sore" in "For the joy that follows sore pain." (3) Much better. Omit some of the verses—one or two wouldn't be missed—and you might sing it as a song.

THIELE.—The humour is a little tame. Ask some tolerant friend to read it, without divulging to him the authorship, and watch if he smiles. His demeanour would be a severe, but not unjust, kind of criticism.

NAN WEN.—Clever and amusing. A young people's magazine would perhaps take it. Your handwriting is against you. I nearly gave up the attempt to read it, and other editors might have less patience.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BAXTER, W. L.—Sanctuary and Sacrifice, a Reply to Wellhausen, 6/- Eyre & Spottiswoode

BRADFORD, A. H.—Heredity and Christian Problems, 5/- net Macmillan

BROWN, Rev. W.—Sundays in the Highlands Northern Counties Printing Co., Inverness

[*Thoughtful and earnest addresses, suggested by Beyschlag's New Testament Theology, on the Teaching of Christ concerning God, Prayer, Sin, Forgiveness, the Future Life, etc., and delivered in the Parish Church of Alness.*]

DAWSON, Sir J. W.—Eden Lost and Won, Studies of the Early History and Final Destiny of Man, 5/- ..... Hodder

EDWARDS, T. C.—The God-Man, being the Davies Lecture for 1895, 3/6 ..... Hodder & Stoughton

Faithful Dead, The: Shall We Pray for Them? by a Lay Churchman, 2/6 ..... Nisbet

Genesis, The Book of, with Introduction, etc., by G. W. Wade 6/- Hodder

HEURTLEY, Rev. C. A.—Wholesome Words, Sermons, 5/- Longmans

INGRAM, A. F. W.—Work in Great Cities, Six Lectures on Pastoral Theology, 3/6 ..... W. Gardner

MURRAY, Rev. A.—Absolute Surrender, Addresses, 2/6 Marshall Bros.

Plotinus, Select Works of, translated, with Introduction, by T. Taylor, 5/- (Bohn's Philosophical Library) ..... Bell

Proverbs, The, edited, with Introduction and Notes, by R. G. Moulton, 2 6 ..... Macmillan

REICHEL, O. J.—Complete Manual of Canon Law, vol. 1, 12/- net Hodges

SELBY, T. G.—The Ministry of the Lord Jesus, 2/6 ..... Kelly

[*Chapters specially addressed to Christian teachers and ministers, on the spirit and the methods of their work.*]

SENEX.—The Millennium ..... Stock

[*Senex examines the interpretation of the Church of England on this matter.*] .....

Sermon Preparation, On, by the Bishop of Ripon, etc., etc., 3/6 Seeley
[*The authors, among whom are several eminent preachers, were invited to give their views on the subject. The recollections are interesting, and in a few cases the suggestions are definite.*]
SOUTHWELL, R.—A Fovretovld Meditation of the Foure Last Things, Preface by C. Edmonds, 5/- net
TARNER, G. E.—Suggestions for the Promotion of Unity in Christendom .....Stock
[*Mr. Turner is at least far more practical in his suggestions than most of the many writers on this subject. He even plans out a ritual which might be agreeable to all Christians.*]
WADE, G. W.—The Book of Genesis, 6/- .....Hodder Bros.
[*Contains the text, with introduction, critical analysis, and notes. In these "an attempt has been made . . . to take account of some of the conclusions of recent literary and historical criticism, and to face a few of the questions suggested by such criticism in connection with Christian theology."*]

NEW EDITION.

MUIR, P. MCA.—The Church of Scotland, 1/6 net .....Black
[*An enlarged edition of an excellent historical sketch of the Kirk.*]

FICTION.

ALLEN, F. M.—Pinches of Salt, 3/6.....Boston
BALZAC.—Ursule Mirouet, 3/6 net .....Dent
BARRETT, J.—Monte Carlo Stories, 1/6 .....Chatto
[*A very good idea for a book of short stories. The romance and tragedy of the gaming-tables are skilfully represented here.*]
BELL, Rev. C. D.—Tales told by the Fireside.....E. Stock
[*Round the fire the father, the mother, the uncle, the aunt, the grandmother, the cousin, and the vicar told stories. The aunt wrote them down; the nephew found them in an old escritoire; and here they are, very pleasant, very simple, and very wholesome food for the young.*]
BRADFORD, G.—Types of American Character, 3/- .....Macmillan
BRAY, Mrs.—Branded, 6/- .....Griffith
[*How a criminal and his innocent family lived down the disgrace of his punishment, and how they fared the while, are the themes of this improving tale. It is better written, and robuster in tone than most books of its class.*]
CAMERON, Mrs. L.—Little Lady Lee, a Novel, 2/6.....F. V. Whyte
DIBDIN, J. C.—The Cleekim Inn, a Tale of Smuggling in the '45, 3/6 Constable
DONOVAN, D.—The Mystery of Jamaica Terrace, 3/6.....Chatto
[*A good "mystery." But we prefer Mr. Donovan's shorter stories. The woodenness of his characters, and his terrible style, have space to make themselves disagreeably evident in this long one.*]
FRASER, Mrs. H.—The Brown Ambassador, 3/6 .....Macmillan
[*We can promise children they will not be disappointed here. It will suit them all, for it tells of children's ways and plays; there are mysteries and legends in it, stories of queer animals, and endless variety and interest.*]
GAYE, S.—The Honesty Dores, a Story of Scales and Weights, 2/6 Jarrold
GORDON, H. F.—Ada, Love at Jerusalem, Divine and Human, 10/6 Simpkin
GURNEY, A.—Day-Dreams, 3/6 .....Longmans
HAYCRAFT, M. S.—Gildas Haven, 3/6 ..... Jarrold
[*A refined and interesting study of some phases of religious life and service.*]
H. N. B.—Duty's Call .....S. Marshall
[*A story of philanthropic life, the chief characters being a pleasant undergraduate and an unselfish girl, both devoted to mission work.*]
HUME, FERGUS.—The Carbuncle Clue, a Mystery, 3/6.....Warne
JACKSON, A. F.—Our Little Sunbeams, Stories for the Little Ones, 3/6 .....Jarrold
KOMPERT, L.—Christian and Leah, and other Ghetto Stories, translated by A. S. Arnold, 2/6 net.....Dent
LABOULAYE, M.—The Spanish Prince, from the French by M. E. Robinson, 3/6 net .....Simpkin
LANG, A.—A Monk of Fife, 6/-.....Longmans
Little Love Affair, by Gyp, 2/-.....Tower Pub. Co.
LOW, F. H.—The Little Men in Scarlet, and other Fairy Tales, 3/6 Jarrold
[*Miss Low has a lively fancy, a pleasant manner, and the good gift of brevity.*]
MACMAHON, E.—A Pitiful Passion, 6/-.....Hutchinson
[*See p.* 162.]
MUIRHEAD, A. J.—Helen Murdoch, 2/6.....Allenson
NEAL, E.—Friend or Rival, 2 vols., 14/- .....Hurst
New Sporting Stories, by G. G., 3/6 net.....Bellairs
PHILIPS, F. C., and FENDALL, P.—My Face is my Fortune, 2/- F. V. White
SERGEANT, A.—Roger Vanbrugh's Wife, 6/-.....Hutchinson
[*We can best account for the feebleness of this work, so uncharacteristic of the writer, by supposing it to have been written in the interval between two efforts more worthy of Miss Sergeant's talent.*]
Spinster's Scrip, The, 2/6.....Heinemann
STURGIS, J.—A Master of Fortune, 2/- .....Hutchinson
[*See p.* 162.]
Theatricals: an Interlude, and other Sketches, by Author of "Miss Molly," 6/-.....Blackwood
VINTRAS, L.—A Pagan Soul, 6/- .....Hurst & Blackett
WARDEN, F.—A Lady in Black, 6/- .....F. V. White
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4. Ironclads in Action, Wilson. 2 vols. 30s.
5. British Birds' Nests. Kearton. 21s.
6. London Garland. 21s. net.

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1. Crockett, Sweetheart Travellers. 6s. (Gardner.)
2. Days of Auld Lang Syne. 6s. (Hodder.)
3. Life of Miss Buss. 7s. 6d. (Longmans.)
4. Obiter Dicta, cheap ed. 2s. 6d. (Stock.)
5. The Little Pilgrim's Progress. 6s. (Warne.)
6. Paschal and other sermons. Church. 6s. (Macmillan.)

MANCHESTER.

1. Trilby.
2. Auld Lang Syne.
3. Bonnie Brier Bush.
4. Hardy's Jude the Obscure.
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BIRMINGHAM.

1. Ian Maclaren, The Days of Auld Lang Syne.
2. Kipling, The Second Jungle Book.
3. Corelli, The Sorrows of Satan.
4. Weyman, The Red Cockade.
5. Crockett, Sweetheart Travellers.
6. The Gurneys of Earlham. 2 vols.

BRADFORD.

1. Wandering Heath. By Q. 6s. (Cassell.)
2. Christian Doctrine of Immortality. Salmond. 14s. (Clarke.)
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5. Trilby. Du Maurier. 6s. (Osgood.)
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1. St. Paul the Traveller. By Professor Ramsay. 10s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
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4. The Two St. Johns. By Dr. James Stalker. 6s. (Isbister.)
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3. The Heart of Man. By Rev. Silas K. Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Frederick Warne & Co.)
4. A Brave Surrender. By Emily Grace Harding. 5s. (Walter Scott.)
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6. Life of St. Anthony of Padua. Cherance. 2s. 6d. (Burns & Oates.)

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LONDON, E.C.

Second-hand trade much better than this time last year. Fair demand for works relating to India, political economy, topographical, and works of fiction.

LIVERPOOL.

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BATH.

Trade in old books fairly good, fine copies of good books selling at fair prices. New books going a bit slow, though still some custom for "Trilby" and "Sorrows."

DERBY.

Export trade is showing a considerable improvement. Second-hand business gives great promise of improvement, sales of topography and theology being extensive. Scientific books go well, and first editions, with the exception of a few modern novelists, are enquired for very little, except from America.

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[Lists of Books Wanted have occasionally to be omitted owing to the senders' names and addresses not being attached.]

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Emerson's Society and Solitude, best edit.
Du Maurier's Peter Ibbeston, C.E.
Songs of the North, 1st series.
Hogg's Life of Dr. John Wightman.
Froude's Carlyle Reminiscences.
Japp's Three Great Teachers.
Anderson (Surfaceman's) Poems.
Harper's Rambles in Galloway.
Lennox's Road Guide (Scotland).
Boyd (Dr.), Recreations, illus. edition.
Selous' Wanderings in Africa.
McTaggart's Scottish Gallovidian Encyclopædia.
Douglas, or the Field of Otterburn.

JAMES BELL, CARLTON ST., NOTTINGHAM.

Sowerby's Botany (Bell and Son), second-hand.

THOMAS CARVER, 6, HIGH STREET, HEREFORD.

Virgil, Æneid, trans. J. Sterling.
Pope, 2 vols., vol. 1, J. Bumpus, 1822, 16mo.
Rogers, Fruit Cultivator.
Stafford (Hugh), Treatise on Cyder Making, 4to, 1753.
Wilkinson, Ancient Egyptians, 2 vols., 1854, p. 8vo.
Gwilt, Ency. of Architecture.
Rivington, Building Construction.
Old Guitar Music.
Robinson, Mansions and Manors of Herefordshire, 4to.
Bookplates of Herefordshire People.
Analyst, vol. 4, or parts 18 and 19.
Benson, Spiritual Readings for Lent.

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Thom's Early English Prose Romances, 3 vols.
Records of the Past, by S. Birch, vols. 7 and 11, first edition.
Conjugal Counsel, by Thomas Hilder, 1653.
London Missionary Society's Proceedings, 1799 onwards.

GEORGE FRATER, WREXHAM.

Pall Mall Magazine, June, 1893.

GOULDEN & CURRY, 61, HIGH STREET, TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

Bithel's Creed of Modern Agnostic.

GEORGE GREGORY, 5, ARGYLE STREET, BATH.

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Medical Work reviewed in Lancet in 1886.

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Childe Harold in the Shades.
Print (old), Edwin and Etheline.
Dugham's History of Masonry in England.
Prescott's Philip II., 3 vols., 8vo.
Rawlinson (Sir Henry), Persia.
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Stevenson (R. L.), Memories and Portraits, 1887.
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Stevenson (R. L.), Treasure Island.

FRANK MURRAY, MORAY HOUSE, DERBY.

Newspaper, any London daily or financial weekly for the years 1840 and 1862.
Smith, Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography, 1869.
Smith, Greek and Roman Biography, 1869, 3 vols.
Smith, Greek and Roman Antiquities, 1869.
Kirk, Papers on Health.
Hackney Stud Book, vols. 1-6, 7, 11.
Leicestershire and Derbyshire Topography.
Stevenson, Inland Voyage, 1878.
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Clifford (W. K.), Essays, etc., 2 vols., 1884.
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Gardiner, Hist., 8vo edit.
Green, Short Hist., illus., part 24 to end.

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Goylan's Man among Monkeys.
Miller's Little People of Asia.
Baker's North Yorkshire, 1863.
North's English Bells and Bell Lore, 1888.
Rand's Chain of Lilies, and other works.
Morley, John, Miscellanies (Eversley).
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